* Nov. 4, 1933

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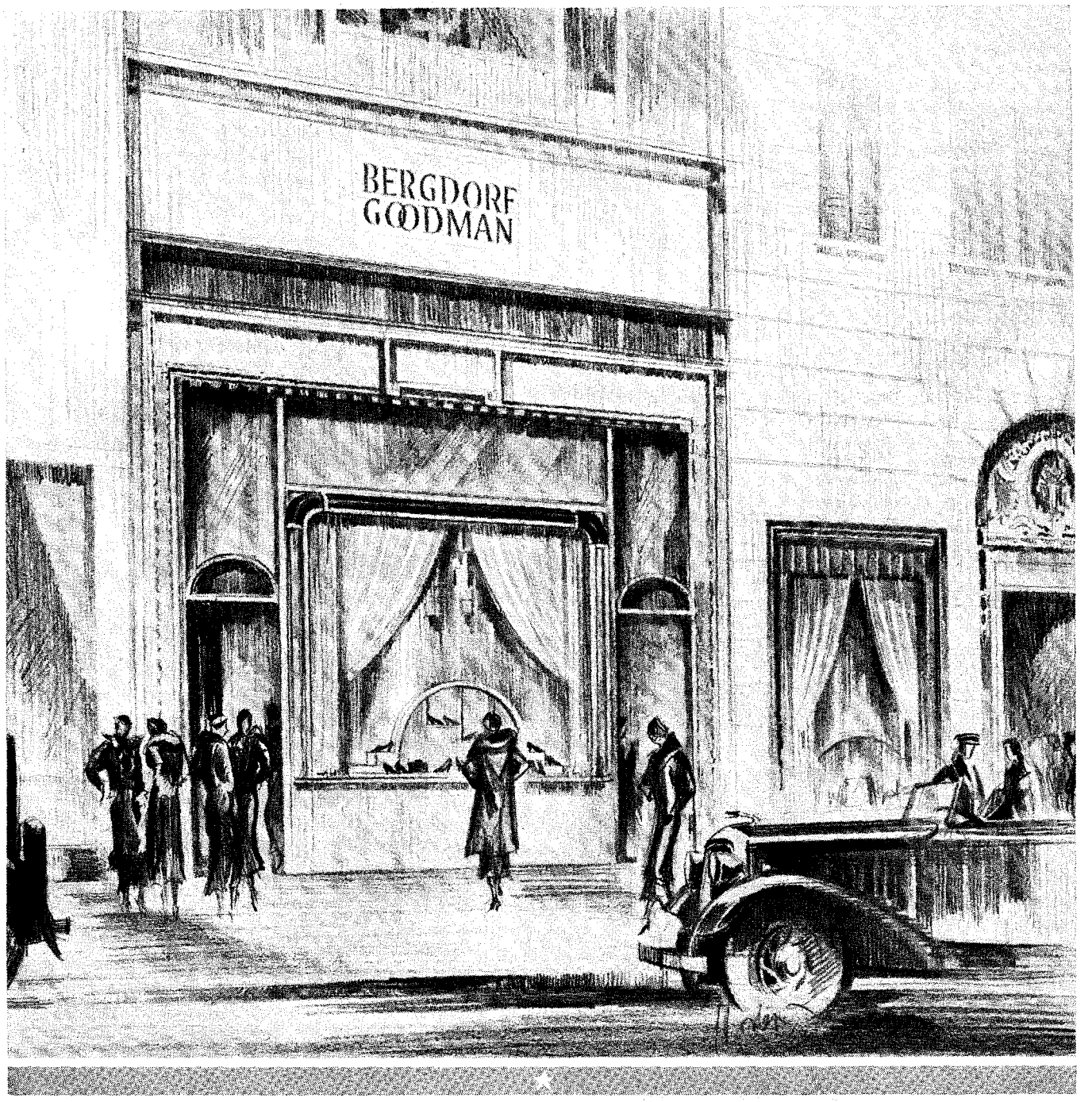

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00, Vol. IX, No. 38, November 4, 1933. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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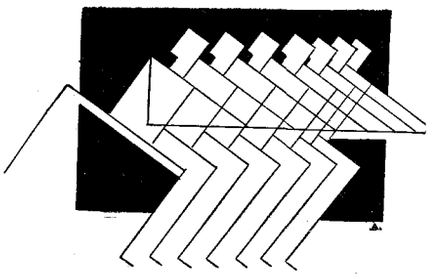
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC." Matinées Saturdays and as listed below. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AH, WILDERNESS! — An understanding father (George M. Cohan) helps his son over some of the rough spots of adolescence, and that's about all there is to it, although Eugene O'Neill is the author. (Guild, 52, W. 8:20 P.M. Mats. Election Day and Thurs. 2:20 P.M.)

A DIVINE DRUDGE—If you are interested in seeing a lovely German actress named Mady Christians (and you ought to be), you can put up with the rather wooden arrangement of Vicki Baum's novel "And Life Goes On," dealing with a small-town doctor in hard luck. (Royale, 45, W. Mat. Election Day.)

DOUBLE DOOR—As good a melodrama as we've had for a long time, with Mary Morris splendid as the Mad Millionairess. (Ritz, 48, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Wed.)

EIGHT BELLS—A mutiny at sea which brings the Hudson Theatre back to life again. Aside from quite a bit of extra dialogue, it is good excitement, with Colin Clive, John Buckler, Siegfried Rumann, and Rose Hobart heading a large and active cast. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Election Day.)

THE GREEN BAY TREE—A young man's futile but very moving struggle to escape from an abnormal environment. Brilliantly directed by Jed Harris and sympathetically acted by James Dale, Jill Esmond, and Laurence Olivier. (Cort, 48, E. Mat. Wed.)

HER MASTER'S VOICE—The happy return of Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews, Elizabeth Patterson, and Frances Fuller from the movies, in a light comedy by Clare Kummer which has approximately a laugh to each line. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mats. Election Day and Thurs.)

MEN IN WHITE—Alexander Kirkland and J. Edward Bromberg in an earnest and rather effective discussion of the drawbacks of the medical profession. (Broadhurst, 44, W. Mats. Election Day and Wed.)

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Very small-town and very mild, but somehow very satisfactory as a simple tale of true love ending up in a dentist's office. Lloyd Nolan and Francesca Bruning. (48th Street, 48 E. Mats. Election Day and Wed.)

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS—The advantages of courting in bed cheerfully discussed in a comedy of Revolutionary days. Tonio Selwart heads the cast. (Avon, 45, W. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

SAILOR, BEWARE!—A nice rough comedy libeling our navy. Very funny, but don't take your aunt. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mats. Election Day and Thurs.)

SPRING IN AUTUMN—A mildly pleasant comedy out of the Spanish, enlivened by the sight of Blanche Yurka standing on her head and singing Puccini. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mats. Election Day and Thurs.)

TEN MINUTE ALIBI—Highly ingenious mystery play from London proving that mathematics can be a great help to a murderer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. Mat. Election Day.)

THE WORLD WAITS—The inside story of what goes on in the minds of the men on an Antarctic expedition—no particular expedition, but near enough to a particular one to be interesting. (Little, 44, W. Mat. Wed.)

WITH MUSIC

AS THOUSANDS CHEER—Clifton Webb, Marilyn Miller, Helen Broderick, and Ethel Waters in the funniest revue in town. You mustn't miss Mr. Webb talking like Noel Coward. (Music Box, 45, W. Mats. Election Day and Thurs.)

CHAMPAGNE, SEC—The Strauss music is as lovely as ever in Dwight Wiman's version of "Die Fledermaus," but you may find the rest of it a little sweet and confusing. With Peggy Wood and Helen Ford. (Shubert, 44, W. Mats. Election Day and Wed.)

HOLD YOUR HORSES—Joe Cook's machinery shining madly through a pretty routine musical comedy. With Dave Chasen, Harriet Hoctor, and Tom Patricola. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

LET 'EM EAT CAKE—Further adventures of Throttlebottom and Wintergreen. Rather more fantasy than satire this time, but still a very funny and accomplished show. William Gaxton, Lois Moran, and Victor Moore are again in the cast, and the Gershwins' music and lyrics couldn't be better. (Imperial, 45, W. Mats. Election Day and Wed.)

MURDER AT THE VANITIES—Earl Carroll's not-so-successful attempt to combine music and melodrama. Really recommended only to anatomy students. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. Moves to Majestic, 44, W., on Mon., Nov. 6. Mat. Election Day.)

THE SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS—Molière's play set to rhyme and music by the Theatre Guild. A little too charming and quaint, but prettily enough played by June Walker, Osgood Perkins, and Flora Le Breton. (Empire, B'way at 40. Mats. Election Day and Thurs.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Dates of openings should be verified, because of frequent late changes by managers.)

DOCTOR MONICA—A play from the Polish, adapted by Laura Walker. Alla Nazimova, Gale Sondergaard, and Beatrice de Neergaard are in it. Opens Mon., Nov. 6. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?—A new play by Lennox Robinson, staged by the author, with Whitford Kane, Margaret Wycherly, and others. Opens Thurs., Nov. 9. (Masque, 45, W. 8:40 P.M.)

The following were scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THUNDER ON THE LEFT—A dramatization by Jean Ferguson Black of the Christopher Morley novel, with Hortense Alden, James Bell, and Louis Jean Heydt. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:35 P.M.)

UNDER GLASS—A play by Eva Kay Flint and George Bradshaw, with Ross Alexander and Ethel Barrymore Colt. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

BALLETS

JOOSS BALLETS—Presenting for the first time in America "The Green Table," "A Ball in Old Vienna," "The Seven Heroes," and others. Every Eve., except Sun., at 8:45; Sat. Afts. at 2:45. (Forrest, 49, W.)

SERGE LIFAR—American début, with his Russian Ballet, in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and others. Sun. Eve., Nov. 5, at 8:45. (Forrest, 49, W.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

ALGONQUIN, 59 W. 44 (Vanderbilt 3-2500)—Supper dancing in the Rose Room, every Thurs. and Sat. Eve. Cookie Fairchild's orchestra, songs by Mary Charles, and other entertainment.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Eddy Duchin is back again. There's also Gertrude Niesen and dancing by Baron and Blair.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 7-1199)—Charlie Journal announces that this old favorite will reopen Fri. Eve., Nov. 3. Charles Reader's orchestra, the Rocky Twins, and others.*

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Supper dancing in the Grill Neptune to Henry King's smooth music.*

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—In the Seaglade you will find Meyer Davis and his orchestra and dances by Lydia and Joresco.*

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—The Empire Room now offers Enric Madriguera's excellent dance music. Also, Cugat's tango orchestra and dances by Margo.*

NOTES—Marlborough House, 15 E. 61 (Rhinelander 4-8038), has Gili-Gili, the amazing magician from Egypt, Michel Zarin's music, and Marianne Davis.* . . . At the Embassy Club, 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 5-4900), you will be entertained by The Yacht Club Boys, Gloria Grafton, Bob Grant's orchestra, and others.* . . . El Morocco's handsome interior, 154 E. 54 (Eldorado 5-8769), harbors Joseph C. Smith's orchestra, a tango band, and songs by Marion Harris.* . . . Frances Maddux sings her torch songs at The Park Avenue, 128 E. 58 (Murray Hill 2-5881). . . . The Surf Club, 42 E. 52 (Eldorado 5-9478), is noted for its Meyer Davis music and the singing of Marion Chase. . . . The Mayfair Yacht Club, 450½ E. 52 (Plaza 3-1456), offers Walker O'Neill's music and Dwight Fiske's funny songs.

Other places: Town Casino Club, 9 W. 52 (Eldorado 5-7509), Lipoff's orchestra. . . . Maison Royale, 6 E. 52 (Eldorado 5-9205), Anatobal's Cubans. . . . Biarritz, 38 E. 52 (Murray Hill 2-9878), with Frances Faye and her piano. . . . Simplon Club, 26 W. 53 (Murray Hill 2-8332), Larry Siry's music and songs by Deslys and Clark.

Al Goodman's orchestra plays at the Mayfair Club Supper Dances, every Sat. Eve. in the Crystal Room of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (Plaza 3-4600). Must dress.

•

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Club Ha Ha, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-9790), popular with the stay-till-dawns; Dan Healy, Jack White, Jerry Bergin, and others entertain.

Large and noisy, with elaborately undressed revues: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080), with Paul Whiteman's orchestra as the added attraction; and Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), with Rudy Vallée's band. . . . Paramount Hotel Grill, 235 W. 46 (Chickering 4-7560), with Phil Spitalny's music and Walter O'Keefe.

GREENWICH VILLAGE — Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), has Eddie Davis' orchestra. . . . Informal, slightly tourist, but pleasant enough: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; The Village Grove Nut Club, 99 7 Ave. S.; The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687), has Cab Calloway's band and a new show. There are lots of other places if you feel like exploring on your own hook.

FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE—Hungarian: Csarda, 203 E. 92 (Atwater 9-9505), with gipsy music. . . . Russian: The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (Tompkins Sq. 6-9784), singing by Kuznetzoff and Nicolina. . . . Scandinavian: Wivel, 254 W. 54 (Columbus 5-9251), *smörgåsbord*, dancing, and entertainment. . . . Spanish: El Gaucho, 245 Sullivan (Stuyvesant 9-8836); and El Chico, 80 Grove (Chelsea 2-4646).

•

DANCE ORCHESTRAS HERE AND THERE—Don Bestor provides the music at the Biltmore Casino Bleu, Madison at 43. . . . Glen Gray and his Casa Loma orchestra are at the Colonnades, Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S. . . . Reggie Childs plays in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46. . . . Leon Belasco is at the St. Moritz, 50 Central Pk. S. . . . Isham Jones plays in the English Grill of the Commodore, Lexington at 42. . . . Barney Rapp is at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . Ernie Holst plays at the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . Ozzie Nelson can be found at the Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 55. . . . William Scotti provides the music in the Coral Room, Hotel Montclair, Lexington at 49. . . . Enoch Light is at the Governor Clinton Grill, 7 Ave. at 31.

MOTION PICTURES

BERKELEY SQUARE—Style and romance, with Leslie Howard in his stage rôle, and all very satisfying. (Palace, B'way at 47; Fri. through Thurs., Nov. 3-9. Also, New Roxy, 6 Ave. at 49; 86th Street, Lexington at 86; 81st Street, B'way at 81; and 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; Tues. through Fri., Nov. 7-10; continuous from noon.)

DINNER AT EIGHT—Social life in New York, according to the Kaufman-Ferber play, interpreted by Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, the Barrymore brothers, and a dozen others. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat., Sun. and Election Day at 5:50 P.M.)

I'M NO ANGEL—The latest Mae West opus. Worthy of the lady's talents, though inclined to

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
OF ALL THINGS	20
PROFILES	21
THE THEATRE	26
THE RACE TRACK	32
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	34
A REPORTER AT LARGE	36
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	42
ABOUT THE HOUSE	44
CHRISTMAS JEER	47
FOOTBALL	57
THE CURRENT CINEMA	59
BOOKS	65

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

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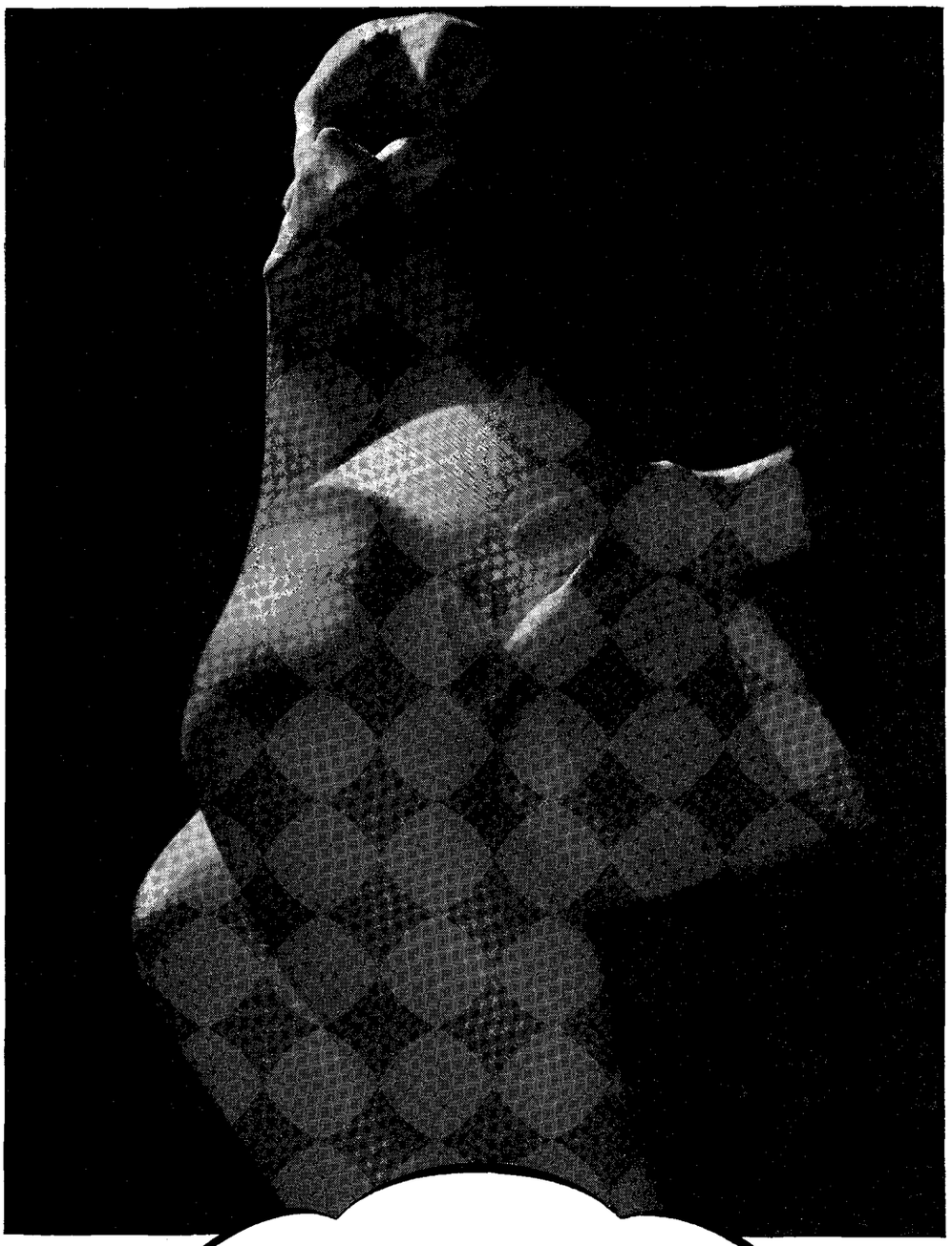
WENDELL MacRAE



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.]

(Continued from page 4)

seem lengthy. (Paramount, B'way at 43; continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII—Charles Laughton as the royal husband; perhaps the best high comedy ever done on the screen. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Thurs., Nov. 9; continuous from 1 P.M.)

14 JUILLET—Paris via René Clair. Very charming and agreeable if rather uneventful. (Little Carnegie Playhouse, 146 W. 57; continuous from noon.)

REUNION IN VIENNA—Revival of the movie of the Sherwood play, with John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard. (Lenox Little Theatre, 52 E. 78: Fri. and Sat., Nov. 3 and 4; 7:45 and 9:45 P.M.)

LE SANG D'UN POÈTE—A chance for the Cocteau set to pay their respects. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; continuous from noon.)

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—The Eisenstein film, with an additional 5,000 feet not shown when it was at the Rialto. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; continuous from noon.)

NOTE—Movies suitable for children: Lenox Little Theatre, 52 E. 78, Fri., Sat., and Sun. at 2:15 and 3:45 P.M.; and Sat. at 10:45 A.M.

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Bowery," rough-and-ready stuff about the old days, with Wallace Beery and George Raft; "Footlight Parade," musical spectacle done mostly under water, with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, and Ruby Keeler; "Lady for a Day," an applewoman and her gunmen, all rather sweet and pretty, with May Robson; "Night Flight," aviation from the inside, with fine flying scenes and featuring Helen Hayes, John and Lionel Barrymore, and other celebrities.

ART

AMERICANS—Painting and sculpture from Peggy Bacon to Zorach—a good distance, with some fine milestones and only a few tedious stretches: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 11.

ARGENTINE—A showing of an art that is little known north of the Canal: Roerich Museum, 310 Riverside Dr. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.

BRAGDON—Stage and costume designs for Walter Hampden productions: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Open weekdays (except Tues.) 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

HOPPER—Representative showing of paintings and etchings by Edward Hopper: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

ISLAMIC—Loan exhibition of Islamic miniature painting and book illumination; a rich selection of examples from the best collections in Europe and America, representing work from the twelfth century onward. Not to be canvassed hastily or casually: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MARIN—Thirty-three water colors by John Marin, painted between 1908 and 1932. A unique collection by one of the few contemporary American painters to whom the epithet genius can be appropriately attached: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

NUDES AND FLOWERS—The still-unravished, still-to-be-young, still-to-be-enjoyed platitudes of art, by various contemporaries: Gallery 144 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

POLISH ART—Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

POOR—Paintings with a rich smack of the soil by an artist whose great craftsmanship in pottery has hitherto somewhat obscured his equal talents in painting: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

ROUAULT—Twenty oils: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

RUSSIAN BALLET—Twenty-five years of the famous ballet whose décor by Braque, Derain, Rouault, and other famous painters rivaled the dancing itself: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

WATER COLORS AND DRAWINGS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.—French masters, from Delacroix and Daumier to the present day: Caz-Delbo, Maison Française, Rockefeller Center, 5 Ave. at 49. . . . Water colors by Jose de Creeft: New School, 66 W. 12. . . . French drawings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: Brummer, 53 E. 57.

MISCELLANEOUS—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.—New work by members of An American Group: Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. . . . Water colors of the South, by Homer Ellerston: Delphic Studios, 9 E. 57. . . . Portraits by Jessie Voss Lewis: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. . . . Paintings by G. M. McCouch: Ferargil, 63 E. 57; through Wed., Nov. 8. . . . Portraits and studies by Penrhyn Stanlaws, who follows Gibson's steps in Glorifying the A. G.: Schwartz, 507 Madison; through Nov. 4. . . . Gouaches by John Lonergan: Eighth Street Gallery, 61 W. 8.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

FRITZ KREISLER—Reviving many of his most famous interpretations: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Nov. 4, at 2:30.

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—His second recital of the season. Go: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Nov. 5. . . . As soloist in Olin Downes lecture-recital series: Brooklyn Academy of Music, Tues. Eve., Nov. 7, at 8:15.

OSSIP GABRILOWITSCH—Schumann and Chopin by one who knows: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Nov. 5.

NADIA REISENBERG, FELIX SALMOND, AND SIMEON BELLISON—Brahms chamber music for piano, 'cello, and clarinet: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Nov. 6, at 9.

ARTUR SCHNABEL—Beethoven piano sonatas by a specialist: Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Nov. 8.

GUILA BUSTABO—A young lady of more than promise, and her violin: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 10.

ISIDOR ACHRON—You recall him as Heifetz' accompanist, and you'll enjoy him on his own: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Nov. 10.

LEAGUE OF COMPOSERS—A Schoenberg concert in honor of our eminent visitor: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Nov. 11.

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Walter conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Nov. 3, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Nov. 5; Thurs. Eve., Nov. 9, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Nov. 10, at 2:30.

OPERA

HIPPODROME—Grand Opera at popular prices. "Faust," Fri. Eve., Nov. 3; "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., Nov. 4, at 2:30; "Aida," Sat. Eve., Nov. 4; "La Forza del Destino," Sun. Eve., Nov. 5. See daily papers for schedule of later performances. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43. Eves. at 8:15.)

ON THE AIR

THE YACHT CLUB BOYS—Singing their funny songs, with Leo Reisman's orchestra: Sat. Eves. at 9:30, WEAF.

AN EVENING IN PARIS—An old feature goes on at a new hour, with Katherine Carrington, Milton Watson, and Nat Shilkret's band: Sun. Eves. (starting Nov. 5) at 8, WABC.

JAMES A. FARLEY—The Postmaster-General will discuss "The Revenue Advantages of Repeal": Sun. Eve., Nov. 5, at 10:30, WABC.

CONCERTS—Walter Damrosch's Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns. at 11, WEAF-WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting: Fri. Afts. at 2:30, WABC. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting: Sun. Aft. at 3, WABC. . . . Egon Petri: Sun. Eve. at 8, WJZ. . . . Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta: Mon. Eve. at 10:30, WOR. . . . Albert Spalding: Wed. Eve. at 8:30, WABC. . . . John McCormack: Wed. Eve. at 9:30, WJZ.

NEWS AND COMMENT—Lowell Thomas: daily (except Sat. and Sun.) at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Dr. Charles Fleischer: daily (except Sun.) at 7, WBNX. . . . Boake Carter: daily (except Sat. and Sun.) at 7:45, WABC. . . . Edwin C. Hill: Fri., Mon., and Wed. at 8:15, WABC. . . . The March of Time: Fri. at 8:30, WABC. . . . Alexander Woollcott: Fri. and Wed. at 10:30, WABC. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn: Sun. at 7:30, WABC. . . . Walter Winchell: Sun. at 9:30, WJZ. (Times are P.M.)

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Mickey Walker vs. Maxie Rosenbloom, 15 rounds, for light-heavyweight title, Fri. Eve., Nov. 3; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Directions to fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Nov. 4, at 2 P.M.—Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven. . . . Princeton vs. Brown, Providence. . . . Harvard vs. Lehigh, Soldiers Field, Boston. . . . Navy vs. Notre Dame, Baltimore Stadium, Baltimore. . . . Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca. . . . Manhattan vs. C.C.N.Y., Ebbets Field. . . . Fordham vs. St. Mary's, Polo Grounds.

Sat., Nov. 11, at 2 P.M.—Harvard vs. Army, Soldiers Field, Boston. . . . Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Princeton. . . . Yale vs. Georgia, New Haven. . . . Columbia vs. Navy, Baker Field. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, Yankee Stadium. . . . Manhattan vs. Holy Cross, Ebbets Field. . . . C.C.N.Y. vs. Providence, Lewisohn Stadium.

Directions to fields—Ebbets Field, Brooklyn: take B.-M.T.-Brighton Line subway to Prospect Pk. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L," 8 Ave. subway, or Bus No. 3. . . . Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway. . . . Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam at 136: take B'way subway to 137 St., or Bus No. 5.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games leave: for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon; for Providence, from Grand Central, 8:30 A.M.; for Boston, from Grand Central, 8:30 A.M.; for Baltimore, from Penn. Sta., 8:10 A.M.; for Ithaca, through sleeper leaves Penn. Sta., Fri., 11:30 P.M.; for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:05 P.M.

HUNT RACES—United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, L.I., Tues. Aft. (Election Day), Nov. 7, at 2. Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at 12:30 and 1:20 P.M.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—N.Y. Giants vs. Portsmouth: Polo Grounds, Sun. Aft., Nov. 5, at 2:15. . . . Brooklyn Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh: Ebbets Field, Sun. Aft., Nov. 5, at 2:15.

OTHER EVENTS

HORSE SHOW—The National Horse Show, Golden Jubilee: Madison Square Garden, Wed. through Tues., Nov. 8-14; performances weekdays at 2 and 8 P.M.; Sun. at 8 P.M.

PUBLIC BALLS—Annual Fall Military Ball: Seventh Regiment Armory, Park at 66, Sat. Eve., Nov. 4, at 9. . . . Costume Theatre Ball, for the benefit of the Theatre Union: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, Sat. Eve., Nov. 4, at 10. . . . The Victory Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Nov. 10, at 9:30. . . . British Great War Veterans of America Armistice Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Sat. Eve., Nov. 11, at 9.

FLOWER SHOW—Fall display by the Horticultural Society of New York: American Museum of Natural History, Columbus at 77, Fri. and Sat., Nov. 3 and 4, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., Nov. 5, 1 to 5 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The Murray collection of period furniture and decorations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Nov. 3 and 4, at 2:15.

At J. C. Morgenthau & Co., 23 W. 47—The Frederic De Coppet collection of United States stamps: Wed. Aft., Nov. 8, at 2.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who plan ahead.)

FOOTBALL—Nov. 18: Princeton vs. Navy, Princeton; Harvard vs. Brown, Boston; Cornell vs. Dartmouth, Hanover. . . . Nov. 25: Harvard vs. Yale, Boston; Army vs. Navy, Philadelphia; Princeton vs. Rutgers, Princeton; Columbia vs. Syracuse, Baker Field. . . . Nov. 30: Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, Philadelphia; Brown vs. Colgate, Providence. . . . Dec. 2: Yale vs. Princeton, New Haven; Army vs. Notre Dame, Yankee Stadium.

HOCKEY—Professional season opens at Madison Square Garden, Thurs. Eve., Nov. 16.

MUSIC—Orchestras (at Carnegie Hall): Philharmonic-Symphony, Walter conducting, through Dec. 16. Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, Nov. 14 and Dec. 5. Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, Nov. 16 and 18. New York Orchestra, Sokoloff conducting, Nov. 28. . . . Damrosch Festival Concerts, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 18 and 25. . . . Important recitals (at Carnegie Hall): Heifetz, Nov. 12; Iturbi, Nov. 13; Rachmaninoff, Dec. 9. . . . Metropolitan Opera season opens Dec. 26.

THEATRE OPENINGS (Dates uncertain)—"Mary of Scotland," Maxwell Anderson's new play, with Helen Hayes, Philip Merivale, and Helen Menken: Alvin, Nov. 13. . . . "The Dark Tower," a mystery melodrama by George S. Kaufman and Alexander Woollcott: Morosco, Nov. 14. . . . "Gowns by Roberta," the new Jerome Kern musical, with Fay Templeton, Lyda Roberti, Bob Hope, and others: New Amsterdam, about Nov. 15. . . . "The Ziegfeld Follies of 1933," produced by Billie Burke Ziegfeld and directed by Bobby Connolly, with Fannie Brice, Willie and Eugene Howard, Everett Marshall, and others: 44th Street, Dec. 4.

OTHER DATES—Thanksgiving Day is Nov. 30. . . . Six-Day Bike Race, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 26-Dec. 2.

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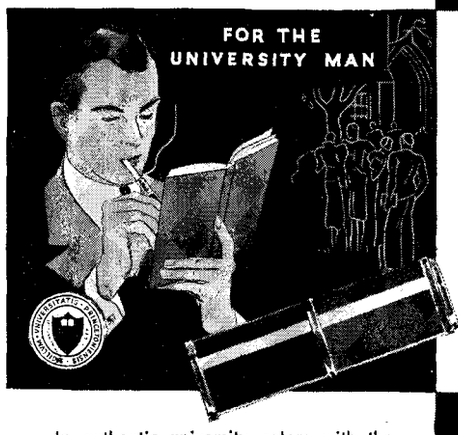

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Choose this suave, black Cylinda B model (above) for formal evening wear. Perfectly sized for a man's tight waistcoat pocket or woman's purse. Cylinda also comes richly enameled in Ivory, Nile, Crimson, Blue and White . . . $5.

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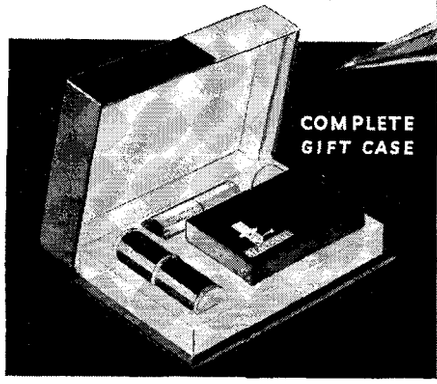

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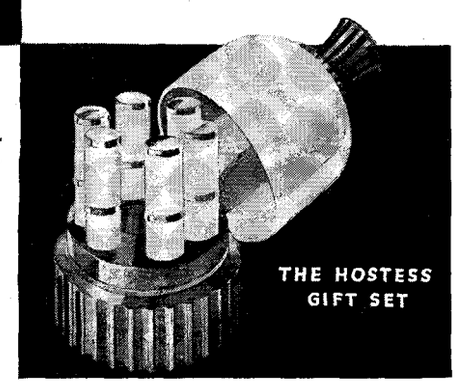

THE HOSTESS GIFT SET

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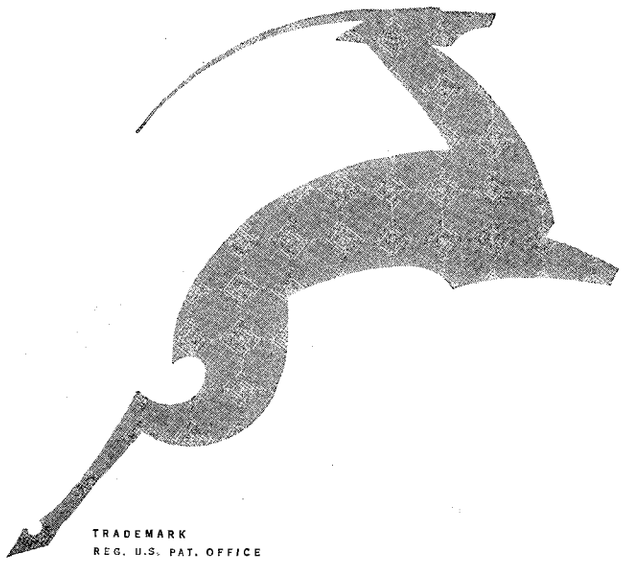

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A lesson

in natural history

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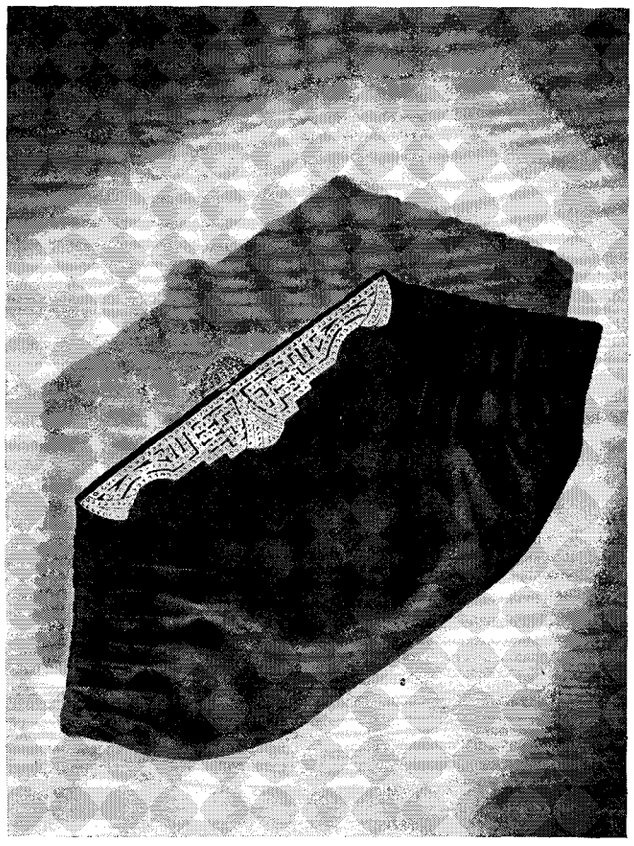

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

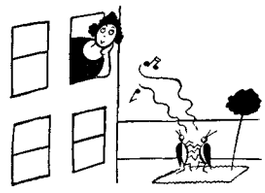
Notes and Comment

THE U.V.R. Laboratories, makers of sun-ray machines, have just completed a new model, we hear. It is the nudist's special, and was developed at the request of a local group of strippers who have been watching, with goosepimpled alarm, the suns of summer wane. The lamp has a framework about seven feet tall, and is rigged to produce rays on three levels—for big nudists, medium-sized nudists, and little nudists; or possibly for three levels of one nudist, upper, Union News, and lower. It is constructed without the use of reflectors, to shed sunshine on all sides so that the nudists can group themselves around it in a circle; and it is thoroughly coated with screen guards, or nets, so that nobody

will fall into it. Although introducing the decadent note, this artificial sun seems likely to advance the cause of nudism greatly. There are plenty of people who don't mind taking off all their clothes in front of others, but who can't stand being stared at by Mother Nature.

ANTICIPATING the scores of letters which will come in to us, asking what U.V.R. stands for, we hasten to say that it stands for Uniformly Very Red.

ONE apartment-dweller we know, who moved back to town from the country the end of September, found herself longing for the sound of crickets. She missed their sad creaky music on warm nights. This loss meant so much to her that she took occasion, one Sunday when she drove out to the country for the day, to collect a few crickets for town use. Untrained



though she was, she succeeded in capturing an even dozen; and returning with them to town, she turned them loose in the garden of 270 Park Avenue. Through her window, on subsequent evenings, there floated the faint cry. This was, of course, some few weeks ago. We don't know whether they have hung on; but we like to think, anyway, that the poetry of Park is never dead.

FROM a bus top we noticed, in the vacant lot where once the Union League Club stood, several strange totems—little pyramids made of small stones piled one on top of another. We haven't been able to discover the significance of these, unless they were set up by some hobo to notify other bums that the Wendel house across the street is no good for a handout.

OUR uneasiness over the shrinkage of the dollar is as nothing compared to France's uneasiness over the shrinkage of the metre. To a Frenchman the metre is as constant, as ingenious, as exciting as the bicycle. Picture his dismay at discovering that in the past fifty years this metre of his, so loved by France, has shrunk .000001629 millimetres. There is no gainsaying it: the fact came out at a meeting not long ago of the Conférence Internationale des Poids et Mesures, a body which thinks less than nothing of our reliable old inches, feet, and yards. Well, we have to laugh! Laugh, yes, but just the same we would like to attend one of those meetings, the climax of which is a trip down to a vault thirty feet underground to "see the metre." We would like to descend those stairs and lower our voice respectfully with the other scientists as the key is inserted by the Director of the Bureau. We would like to stand at attention while the temperature of the safe is taken, and gasp at the news that in two years it had varied two degrees. And we would like to be one of the celebrants who watch the Director produce from the safe a long black steel tube, and from the long black steel tube a long wooden cylinder, and from the long wooden cylinder the Master Metre.

Surely nothing in our sturdy system of weights and measures quite corresponds to the moment of beauty when the Director of the Bureau seizes from its red-velvet bed the glory of France, the Metre, and lifting it high above his head cries, "*Messieurs, le Mètre International!*" What if it has shrunk, gentlemen, it is the Metre!

FOR the benefit of any of you punkinheads who might want to know *why* the metre has shrunk, we might add that the metre was intended to be (and, as the cautious old Webster's New International Dictionary slyly puts it, "very nearly is") one ten-millionth part of the distance measured on a meridian of the earth from the equator to the pole. Hence, anything the

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earth does in the way of folding up or pulling in its neck is immediately reflected in the metre. The last few years the earth has definitely been pulling in its neck.

Next to Godliness

ONE of our vigilant co-workers has been following a little feature in the *Daily News* called "Around the Clock with the Candidates." It's a minute-to-minute account of the doings of the Messrs. O'Brien, LaGuardia, and McKee which started in September: "7:45 A.M.—Arose, bathed, dressed, shaved; 8:15—Breakfasted," and so on. It was the bath item which especially interested our co-worker. For the first week or so, baths and showers by the candidates were infrequent (and this is stating it mildly), but from October 13th on, the candidates, or the *News* reporters, have been doing much better. From that day to this, LaGuardia has been credited with a bath daily, and McKee with a shower. O'Brien, however, has lagged. From October 4th to 14th, neither bath nor shower figured in his daily doings. Then, suddenly, on October 15th he took a bath. He skipped the 16th, but took a shower the 17th and every day since, except on the 26th, when he "dressed hurriedly." Our co-worker heard that something had happened in the matter of O'Brien. Around about October 13th, Ray O'Sullivan, secretary of Tammany, collared the reporter who was following the Mayor around and told him a few things.

House of Brick

WALT DISNEY raised his own salary from $150 a week to $200 a week, as a reward for having produced "Three Little Pigs." We got that from his brother, Roy Disney, who was in town last week. Roy manages the Walt Disney interests, and is full of figures about the pigs. They, the pigs, have been shown at 400 theatres in New York City alone, for a total run of 1,200 weeks. They ran for eight weeks at the Trans-Lux Broadway theatre, the only picture that was ever shown there for more than one week. It, or they, flashed on the screen one hundred times a week, and about 250,000 people cheered the opus at that one theatre alone. Out of town, the pigs were just as much of a smash, and Walt has received countless requests for further adventures. He doesn't think he'll make a series, though: thinks the chances are against his being able to repeat.

The Music Hall gets the credit for having first shown "Three Little Pigs" here, the week of May 25th to 31st, 1933. Pinto Colvieg, a former newspaperman now working for Disney, gets the credit for the line "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?" The song was published in September by Irving Berlin and in two weeks had become the second national best-seller, being topped only by "The Last Round-Up." The Disney staff are just a bit sheep-faced about the pigs, because when Walt suggested the idea, in September, 1932, none of the directors reacted. It seems that the Disney procedure is, Walt proposes but a director disposes. Not getting any reaction, Walt shelved the pigs. They kept coming up in his mind, though, and he suggested them a second time. Again no reaction. The third time, the reaction came and the pigs went into production.

A Mr. Frank Churchill, one of Disney's 140 employees, took five minutes off and wrote the chorus of the wolf song. It is the first song hit ever to come out of an animated-cartoon studio (and incidentally it always seemed to us to come out of "Die Fledermaus"). Originally the words appeared like this: "Who's afraid of the big bad wolf, big bad wolf, big bad wolf? Who's afraid of the big bad wolf? He don't know from nothin'." The last line didn't seem to fit, somehow, and the staff men convened and tried to find a word that rhymed with "wolf." They huffed and they puffed, but they finally gave up and had the two pigs who sing the song play the last line on their flute and violin.

Colvieg was called upon to speak the part of the wolf, and he also did the pig in overalls. Girls from a trio called the Rhythmettes, Hollywood talent,

"Is it another woman, Ibrahim?"

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"How'd ya like to go to jail?"

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sang for the two jerry-builders. The cost of making a Silly Symphony runs from $18,000 to $30,000; and the pigs were by no means the most expensive to make. Most Sillies gross between $80,000 and $100,000 over a three-year period; "Three Little Pigs," Roy told us, would probably triple that amount. Walt makes thirteen Mickeys and thirteen Sillies a year. All the profits go back into the business. Two new Sillies are all ready to be sprung: "The China Shop," to be released in the next couple of weeks, and "The Night Before Christmas," at Yuletide. The pigs are soon going into the French and the Spanish. We'll try and get you the words.

•

THE above recapitulation serves to remind us of a grotesque moment in the lobby of the Music Hall when we asked a tall, elaborately uniformed man what time the "Three Little Pigs" would go on. "I assure you I haven't the remotest idea," he snapped. This answer didn't have the familiar Roxy note, and we looked up and saw that our man was a West Point cadet. You got to watch yourself.

Soothing

A PROFESSOR, a rather shy and timorous fellow, had to get up at an unearthly hour to catch a train into town from the suburb in which he lives. (Had to meet another train getting into New York with his sister on it.) He rushed down to his station without breakfast to find that he had twenty minutes or more. He thought it would be nice to get something to eat and looked about. The only place he saw was a Greek lunch counter half a block away, before which were half a dozen enormous trucks and in which were the drivers of same: rough, burly fellows, savagely having a snack after a night on the roads. The professor went in nervously, got thick coffee and thicker toast, and nibbled away, every now and then casting uneasy glances at his companions. The counter-man himself was a villainous-looking fellow who might be up to anything, and the situation wasn't relieved when he went off into the kitchen, leaving the professor alone with the truckmen. The professor was getting pretty fidgety when he heard a low drone from the back room. At first he couldn't place it; then he didn't believe it. He craned around, however, and there, just inside the kitchen, was the counter-man sitting, reading aloud to himself. Reading, with every indication of pleasure, Homer, in the original Greek. The professor settled back and calmly finished his coffee.

Boom Boom

IN reporting the etiquette of salutes, flourishes, and ruffles, we neglected to go into the honors traditionally paid in Asia by Occidental warships, an oversight pointed out by a naval gentleman in Shanghai, who kindly supplies us with the following useful abridgement of the official table of honors:

Raja of Sarawak (in Sarawak)	21 guns
Raja of Sarawak (outside Sarawak)	17 guns
Sultan of Selangor	17 guns
Sultan of Trengganu	17 guns
Sultan of Kelantan	15 guns
Yam Tuan of Negri Sembilan	15 guns

We apologize for not having brought this out in connection with our previous article.

Thinker

EVER since Einstein settled in Princeton, beating Louis Bromfield by a scant two lengths, we have wondered what he does with himself in that cloistered spot. An undergraduate has kindly supplied the answer. He says he passed Einstein on the street the other day; the old fellow was standing quietly by the curb, sucking an ice-cream cone and watching some ducks being unloaded from a truck.

Espionage

A FOOTBALL coach has given us a little bunch of facts on the rather mysterious business of football-scouting. To begin with, it's all open and aboveboard. Harvard and Yale had a non-scouting pact a few years ago, but it's been discarded now, and practically every college employs scouts. They're usually assistant coaches, but sometimes competent alumni are called

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in. The scouts make no bones about their presence at games, usually, in fact, telling who they are when applying for seats so they can get the vantage point they like best. Very often they lunch or dine with the coach of the rival team and chat it all over. Sometimes a coach invites a scout to sit on the bench with him, but this may not be quite as hospitable as it sounds, for some coaches are suspected of having substitutes run up and down in front of the scout to screen important plays. When Captain John McEwan, now coach of the Brooklyn pros, was at West Point, he was assigned to scout a Notre Dame game. He got mixed up in his dates and missed it. After it was over, he telephoned Rockne and Rockne invited him to have a talk with him. Rockne recounted the whole game and gave him all the dope he wanted. Just this year, Dave Morey, coach of Bates, which met Harvard for the first game of the Harvard season, wrote to Harvard asking them flatly for information on what important plays they were going to use against him. His argument was that if he had it, Bates could give Harvard a better game. Harvard wouldn't give it, though, perhaps because Bates held Yale to a scoreless tie in the 1932 opener.

The scout reports on three things: attack, defence, and personnel. Generally, in reporting on attack, he just describes accurately the formations and lineups. The coaches can work out what plays will be run from them. Blocking is awfully important to watch. Part of Red Grange's success is said to have been due to the fact that the scouts watched him so much they didn't pay any attention to the men who were doing the blocking for him. In studying the defence, the scout watches the tackles and halfbacks; they are the keys to the strength of a team against running plays. As to personnel, the scout first tries to get accurate information on weights, ages, and heights of players. There is much hocus-pocus in this. We are told that football programs generally underestimate weight by about ten pounds per man, on purpose. Finally, the scout watches for tipoff signs. Very important, these. They are the little habits some players have which give away information. There's a Pittsburgh end, for example, who pulls back his inside foot just before the ball is snapped on a play in which he is going to figure. If his opponents are properly advised, they can get all set. When Bob Lassiter, now captain at Yale, was a sophomore, he always flexed his fingers just before he was going to pass. Ralph Hewitt, captain of Columbia several years ago, always brushed his toe on the grass just before a play in which he was going to kick. An opposition scout found this out, and Columbia lost the game against his team, since Hewitt's kicks were rushed all the afternoon. They tell that when Ham Fish was captain and tackle at Harvard, a Yale scout discovered that he loved to give little orations to the boys to spur them on. Accordingly, Yale's quarterback was instructed to run a play through Fish every time he began to speak. It worked. Ham couldn't talk and mind his business at the same time.

"You must come over sometime. I've acquired a new Rockwell Kent."

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The Dreamer

AT a rather large dinner party a Mr. W. found that one of the ladies to whom he was juxtaposed was an amateur physiognomist, a member of a club which met every so often to practice reading character and temperament from faces. So they talked about that for a while. "Tell me," said Mr. W., "what you make out of that fellow across the table now." The lady studied the face across the table and reported that the bearer of same was of the artistic type. "He's a painter, or a sculptor, or an architect, or something like that," said the lady. "Anyhow, he's a dreamer." After the ladies had gone upstairs, the gentleman opposite sought out Mr. W. and said he knew they'd been talking about

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him. He smilingly said he'd like very much to know what they'd said. Mr. W. told him, and the gentleman seemed to blush slightly at the lady physiognomist's analysis. "The truth is," said the man, "I'm one of Roosevelt's economists. And I'm a dreamer, all right. We're all dreamers. We've got to be to imagine all these things we work out." Mr. W. didn't get his name.

The Works

Joe Cook thinks up his own infernal machines, and then they are made for him by the G. A. Weidhaas theatrical-prop company, of 538 West Twenty-ninth Street, a capable, hard-working concern that never cracks a smile. They made Joe's trick horse and buggy this year—if you haven't seen it yet, the horse has a heart of gold (literally), a demountable tail, and is operated by coal, and the buggy contains a hatrack, an elevator, an electrical stove, an—you know. It was the nineteenth gadget that the firm had made for Mr. Cook. He drew up the plans, took them in, and kept dropping around to see how things were shaping up. They would show him, solemnly.

Cook told a sightseer who called on him one night in the Paramount clock tower that when he wants to create ideas he makes everybody get out of his house at Lake Hopatcong, puts a "Hospital Zone: Quiet" sign on the road outside, sits for an hour in the attitude of Rodin's Thinker, and then never gets an idea. "I get them in bed at night," he told his visitor. He thought up, after midnight, the one about ducking Mr. Chasen in a tank of water again and again and again. He didn't mention it to Chasen until the day before the rehearsal started. "It would only have worried him," said Cook. When Chasen was told that he would have to stay under water six seconds, he, a non-swimmer, swore loudly that no man could stay under water that long. At that the smiling Mr. Cook whipped out of his pocket a newspaper clipping about a man who had stayed under water four minutes and thirty-seven seconds.

The comedian practiced for hours at a time this summer on the trick in which he snatches a revolver out of Chasen's hand with a whip. He never gave up any practice session till he had done it sixteen times without a miss. Yet it doesn't get as big a hand as the cocktail-shaker which pours drinks of different colors—and that's his simplest stunt, Cook says. Anybody could do it. He also practiced for many hours on the barrel-rolling stunt he does with his feet. He says the tricks that are the hardest always get the least applause, and mentioned the one in "Rain or Shine" when he balanced on one foot on a slack wire and shot out candles with a small rifle. Once in a while a marksman in the audience would clap loudly, but nobody else got excited.

Cook never patents his machines, on the ground that nobody would want to steal one. He keeps duplicate props only of the cocktail-shaker and the barrel, which weighs sixty pounds and would split if he muffed it. For his next show, he plans a Gargantuan Gynabilfurlocowattamangine, which will take up the entire stage and dwarf all his previous dinguses. The Weidhaas company will sigh and build it—for three thousand dollars. Only two people will appear in the act it is used in, Cook and Chasen. "Everything imaginable will happen to Dave," says Mr. Cook. After that he expects to do a show without trick devices, but with Chasen, if he is alive.

Dave Chasen was born in Odessa, coming here when he was twelve and getting a job as mechanic at an airport in New Britain, Connecticut. Thinking to be an aviator, he took up a plane all alone. As he didn't know how to turn it, he went straight ahead for ten miles and crashed in a cornfield. He wasn't hurt, but the plane was. His boss fired him, but took him back later and taught him how to fly. The next year he crashed from a height of three hundred feet and was hurt so badly he was in a hospital for four months. When he got out, he built a plane by himself, but before he went up in it and was killed, he got a job with a vaudeville act. Then he built an act of his own, using a lot of electrical gadgetry and never saying anything. Cook was on the same bill with him once, and that's how they met. Cook has been trying to break his back or drown him ever since.

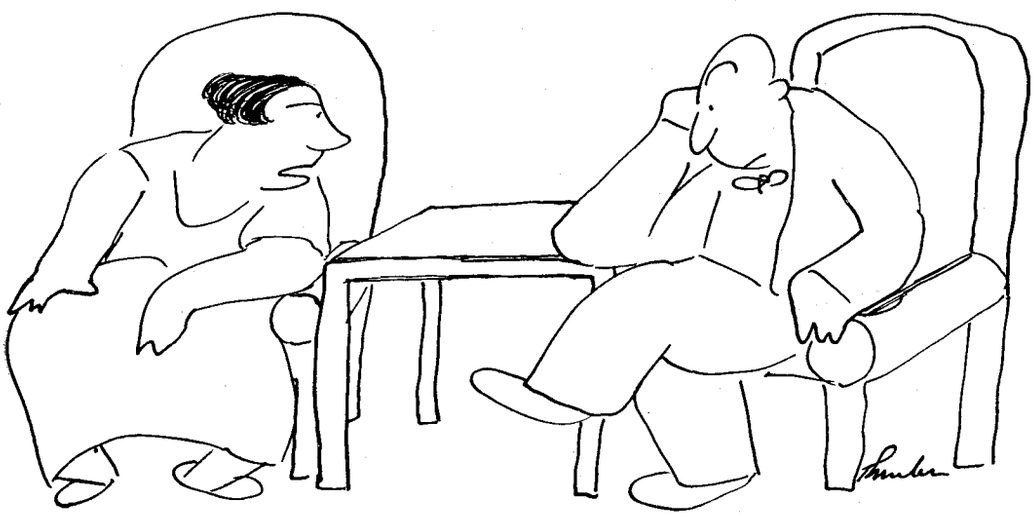
Western European Affairs

A Frenchman on West Twenty-eighth Street, excessively worried by his country's sluggishness in paying her debts to the United States, sent a rather flowery letter to Secretary Hull last month, enclosing ten dollars. He said he wanted to do that for France. This is what he got back, from Pierrepont Moffat, Chief of the Division of Western European Affairs:

"Sir: I am directed by the Secretary of State to acknowledge your letter of September 13, 1933, with regard to debts owed this Government by the French Government, and to express to you appreciation of the sentiments which caused you to forward with your letter a money order in the amount of ten dollars.

"I am, however, obliged to return to you the money order enclosed with your letter. Very truly yours:"

Nutty Frenchman. Nutty Government. —The New Yorkers



"I'd like to get my hands on the astrologer who told you that!"

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"Tallyho, for God's sake!"

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SIMPLY APPALLING

MR. SMEDLEY, a small householder in a London suburb, was one day tending a bed of wallflowers beneath a window when he heard one maid say to another, "'Ow 'e puts up with 'er, I don't know."

The reference was to the fury of a prudish she-cat and the persistence of their old Tom's meek passion in face of it, but Mr. Smedley took the words to himself, and for some time after he wandered about among the cabbages like one amazed. For upward of ten years he had believed himself to be the worst of husbands, cantankerous, forgetful, inconsiderate, and a nagger.

"It is true I have grumbled once or twice at my breakfast," he said, "and I must admit I forgot that thread two days running. I cannot remember having nagged, but that may only be due to Millicent's promptness in silencing me. On the other hand, I have swallowed innumerable vile breakfasts without grumbling, thread is not my business, and certainly Millicent is very strict with me. Supposing all this time, instead of being loathed by all as a brute and tyrant, I am rather the subject of derisive sympathy as one who is henpecked and put upon. That would be unendurable."

Mr. Smedley went immediately into the house, with the intention of communicating to his wife, in a few well-chosen phrases, the revelation that had so transfigured his life. He found her in the hall, smiling at herself in a big mirror. For some reason he found himself unable to say a single word, and after stammering for a minute or two, he raised his arm and gave her a tremendous cuff, which toppled her over at the foot of the stairs.

He was amazed to see her prone at his feet, so that when she asked was he mad, he could think of no reply; not that he had much time to, for she rose quickly and advanced upon him, hooking her fingers in a way that made his blood run cold. "I did not mean to hit you!" he cried in a despairing tone. "You brute!" she said.

She made one or two snatches at his eyes; he was fortunate enough to clutch her wrists before she had removed more than a little superficial flesh and skin, but he soon found his hold weakening, so he chose a favorable moment, thrust her backward, turned, and mounted the stairs with incredible celerity, intending to bolt himself in the bathroom. Mrs. Smedley followed with a speed still more incredible. Her husband found her close on his heels, had no time to go to ground, and, doubling, ran along the upstairs corridor, crying "Oh! Oh! Oh!" He went down the back stairs and into the dining-room, several times round the table, through the French window, and along the balcony into the drawing-room. At the best of times, Mrs. Smedley was no more than five feet behind, frequently she was only one or two. A great deal of china was broken at this stage, for the cowardly wretch pulled over all the cabinets and occasional tables that he could, in order to put obstacles in his wife's way. In the end she tripped, he shot out of the room and up the stairs again, intent upon the same sanctuary as before.

You may imagine his consternation when he found the door already fastened. He saw his wife emerge from the drawing-room.

"Open this door!" he cried in a voice of thunder. The maids, who, hearing the rumpus, thought he had gone mad, cried out dismally from their retreat, expecting to see the frail bolt collapse before his frenzied bulk. Mrs. Smedley approached, there was no time to be lost, so he continued on his way upstairs. When he had reached the very top of the house, she was again close behind him, and there was nothing left to do but to nip up the fire-escape and retreat onto the flat roof. Then there ensued a pretty game of hide-and-seek among the chimney pots. At last Mr. Smedley was pursued into a corner of the roof, where he flung himself down and clasped his head in his hands. Unfortunately, his wife was moving so swiftly that she had no time to stop herself; she tripped over him, staggered against the low parapet, gave a blood-curdling scream, and hurtled to her doom. Mr. Smedley took the scream as a cry of exultant ferocity, and remained for some time with his head clasped in his hands, wondering where he would first feel his wife's nails.

SEVERAL minutes passed during which nothing happened. He peeped out sideways to see if she was waiting to pounce on him. Not seeing her, he ventured at last to raise his head.

"Ah!" he said. "I have evidently mastered her at last. I hope, however, I have not hurt her feelings; perhaps I had better go and cosset her."

He went downstairs jauntily, twirling an imaginary mustache. The maids were peeping out. He frowned when he saw them, remembering their inhospitable conduct, and they screamed again and shut themselves in.

"I will deal with you later!" he cried, and went on downstairs.

He looked everywhere for his Millicent, and concluded she had gone to her mother. A devil-may-care mood immediately possessed him, and he telephoned to a friend.

"I've just got rid of my wife. Ha, ha! What about making a night of it? . . . Yes? Bully!" He hummed a few bars of an old song.

Williamson, his friend, had never heard him speak like this before. "Wait a minute, old chap!" he cried as Mr. Smedley was about to ring off, and then hesitated, not knowing what he wanted to say. Mr. Smedley at his end waited silently; his gaze strayed out of the window, he observed his wife's shattered form on the gravel path, and gave a shrilling "Ooooh! I've killed her!" and promptly hung up the receiver, and ran out of the house, intending to visit the police station to make a manly explanation to the superintendent. At that moment, though, the crowd was beginning to collect, and a policeman seized his arm.

DURING the following weeks, Mr. Smedley spent a considerable time behind bars, being taken out now and then to be charged, committed, refused bail, put to the first degree, second degree, medically examined, third degree, *reëxamined*, fourth degree, fifth degree, cajoled, bullied, threatened, and taken back again.

When the trial came on, he pleaded "not guilty," but no one took any notice of that. The whole world seemed engrossed in an argument as to whether he should go to an insane asylum or to the gallows. He cut a few capers in the dock, to encourage the belief he was mad, but acted the part so badly that no one was taken in. His friend Williamson testified that he must be mad. "Otherwise," said he, "he would not have borne with her so long." "We are not trying the prisoner for bearing with his wife," remarked the prosecuting counsel.

"I sentence you, prisoner at the bar, to be hanged by the neck until you are dead," remarked the judge shortly afterward.

"At least I shall have one decent

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breakfast," replied the prisoner, with all the hardihood of despair.

DURING the next two or three weeks, Mr. Smedley was frequently visited by a very pleasant little clergyman, who informed him that, unless he was truly sorry for what he had done, he must go to Hell.

"In my opinion," replied our hero, "I have paid in advance for a crime which I have not committed, therefore the balance is to my credit, and I shall be immediately translated to eternal bliss."

"How extremely delightful," said the clergyman. "You must be positively impatient for next Tuesday."

"No, no," said Mr. Smedley. "I can very well wait, but if I must hang, I only hope I may have the resolution to do it graciously."

"Have no fear of that," replied his consoler. "I will ask them to give you a little injection, and you will die smiling like one who already sees those gates opening."

"It would add a little to my promised bliss if I could only choose which gates were to open," said Mr. Smedley.

"Do not be cynical," replied the clergyman.

On the Tuesday morning, Mr. Smedley was aroused early; he had a little smoked haddock, a kidney, a mushroom, and a rasher, a slice off the breast of a cold bird, toast, marmalade, the morning paper, three excellent cigarettes, and, oddly enough, a piece of chewing gum.

"Very nice indeed," said he, as he lit the last cigarette. "If I never have a worse breakfast than that, I shall not grumble."

"Well, you won't," remarked the warden with the merriest smile imaginable.

"It's a very sad thing," said Mr. Smedley pensively, "that when either invalids or prisoners are told they may eat and drink what they like, there's bound to be a catch in it somewhere."

"Say a hitch," said the warden archly.

"A letdown," cried Mr. Smedley, with a peal of infectious laughter. "Or a trap, eh? And by the way, Warden, I'll be damned if I don't die smiling. I understand you give one a little something. Mix it strong."

"Depend on it," said the warden, "you shall have a proper livener."

At that moment, the clergyman entered. "Well, how are we this morning?" he said. "Nasty drizzle on, but never mind. Rain before seven, shine by eleven. What's going to win the Cesarewitch, Mullins?"

"Κενταυρίδης beyond a doubt," replied the warden. "That is, if the course dries a little."

"Now, that's what everyone says," replied the clergyman happily. "Would you believe it, we raffled a ticket for the Irish Sweep in our parish bazaar, I won it, and now it's drawn Κενταυρίδης!"

"Well, that's fine," said Mr. Smedley. "I was never so delighted to hear anything in my life. Thirty thousand pounds!"

"Of course, I shall put it to good works," said the clergyman. "Which, by the way, reminds me. Are you prepared?"

"Well, there's one little matter," said Mr. Smedley. "I've just remembered something I ought to confess to you. If you'll ask the warden to withdraw, I'll tell you all about it."

"You're not supposed to be left alone, even with me, on the last morning," said the clergyman, "but perhaps Mullins can stand outside in the passage."

"As long as it doesn't take more than a quarter of an hour," said Mullins obligingly.

"It'll take exactly that," said Mr. Smedley, and the warden withdrew.

"WELL, what was it?" said the clergyman, when they were left alone. "We mustn't waste time."

"In that case, I won't," said Mr. Smedley, and struck him a tremendous blow on the solar plexus. You may be sure he was not long in changing clothes with his unconscious victim. There was a little difficulty about the collar, otherwise everything went rapidly and the fit was perfect. He put on the horn-rimmed spectacles of the prostrate priest, gave him another blow to prevent his coming to before the operation was over, and proceeded to shave his bristly black mustache with the little razor-blade penknife he had observed him to carry in his pocket. While he did this, and while he was fixing the bristles into his strip of chewing gum, he maintained a low dialogue in two voices, each full of horror and emotion. As he fixed the adhesive sweetmeat to his own upper lip, the clergyman began to move, stare, and struggle for breath.

"Quick, quick with the little injection!" cried Mr. Smedley in a broken voice, popping his head out of the cell.

The warden rushed in; Mr. Smedley affected tears, holding up his handkerchief.

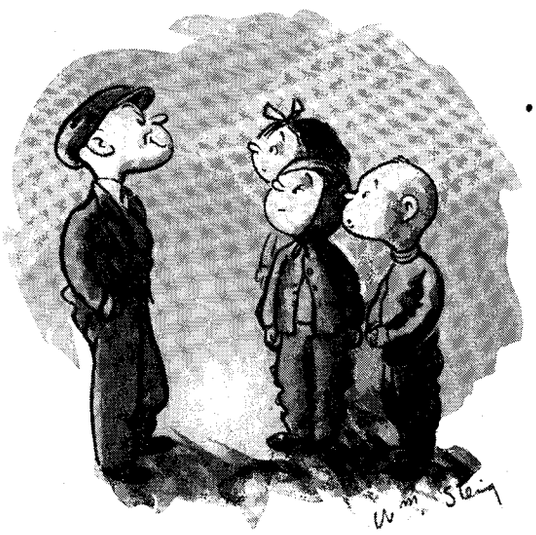
"He has told me a terrible thing," he murmured. "Now he's hysterical. Quick with the merciful drug."

The warden complied, a bell began to ring slowly, some other officials entered and took the half-conscious priest by the arms and legs in order to help him maintain that firm step which drew favorable comment from the press.

Mr. Smedley performed the last services with genuine emotion. "I can stand this job no longer," he remarked to the governor, mopping his streaming eyes. He hurried from the prison, and to shake off the horror of his recent experiences, he spent the day among the light-headed throng on the race course, where he had the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing Κενταυρίδης come in first.

"How happy he would have been if he had known!" he murmured, casting his eyes up to the impenetrable vault of heavenly blue. "Perhaps he *does* know. Anyway I shall write to the bishop tonight resigning the benefice, for though I am no prig, I feel I cannot be both a winner of the sweepstake and a clerk in holy orders, and in view of the dangers of that wholly admirable profession, I prefer on the whole to be a winner of the sweepstake and live quietly abroad."

—JOHN COLLIER



SMALL FRY

Long Pants

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GAMBLER

WE were sitting in the rear of the dance hall watching the couples on the floor when this guy comes over to our table.

"Hiya, Dave," he says. I could tell by his red eyes he was plastered.

"Hiya, Finkey," Dave answers. "You alone?"

This Finkey guy shakes his head and he says, "Uh huh." So Dave tells him to pull up a chair and have a drink.

"You know these boys, don't you, Finkey?" asks Dave.

Finkey looked at us. "No," he says, "I ain't had the pleasure."

"This is Sol Fox and," pointing to me, "this here is Benny Gold."

Finkey lowered his glass. He gave us five damp fingers and a moist palm and we shook them.

"I'm certain'y glad to meetcha." Finkey looked us over again. "You boys ain't never been up to my place, have ya?"

Dave laughed. "No, Finkey. These here fellas, they don't gamble. These two fellas, they saving their dough to lose on the next stock-market crash."

Finkey tossed off his highball in one gulp.

"Gee," Dave then said, "I never seen you drink like that before."

"Listen, Dave." Finkey pushed his chair up to the table. "You know I don't drink." He suddenly decided to abandon Dave and turned to us. "Listen, fellas. I got two places in this town—gamblin' places, see? I give my customers anything they wanna drink and anything they wanna eat, and I don't charge a cent. Do I, Dave? Do I charge anything for the booze or the eats? See, Dave here can bear me out. I don't charge a cent. I figger it's good-will like. I figger if a guy comes to my place and loses, the lease he's entitled to is a good edge and he don't hafta go 'way hungry. At lease that's how I figger."

FINKEY's lips trembled and I knew he was going to cry. I wasn't wrong. He checked himself after a while, wiped his eyes, and turned to Dave.

"Listen, Dave. You gotta excuse me for carryin' on like if I was a baby. Y'see, Dave, my father . . ." Again the eyes watered.

"Listen, Dave. I come from the horsepital a while ago. My father's in the horsepital. He's got pneumonia. My father's semny-six years old. That's pretty good for an old guy, ain't it? My father ain't had a thing wrong with him ever since I was a little kid—knock wood." He accompanied this by rapping his knuckles on the back of his chair.

"A week ago we took him to the horsepital. He had a hunard-and-four fever. Geez, I thought sure he wouldn't pull through at all. Geez, my brother and me, we was worried like hell. My brother, Hermie, would the horsepital for a coupla hours hen I'd go to the horsepital for ola hours. Y'see, one of us hadda be in the new place."

He turned to us. "We got a new place here in the neighborhood. It's a swell joint. The fixtures alone are worth thirty grand. Ain't they, Dave? Why don't you boys come up some time with your lady friends? We give you alla drinks you want and the food without it costin' you a cent. And you know, you don't hafta gamble, neither. I don't make no one in my place gamble, do I, Dave?"

"No," Dave said. "The oney thing, once you in the place there's nothing to do, so how can you stop gambling? Gee, I oney wisht I had back hafta dough I lost, Finkey."

"Now, Dave," Finkey argued, "is that a nice way to talk? Gee, you think I like to see you fellas lose? Honest to Gawd, I swear by my father, who's sick in the horsepital with pneumonia and with a fever of a hunard and four this minute, that I don't wanna see all you boys lose when you come to my place.

"Listen. The best recommendation

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my place gets is when a coupl fellas go out and you say to friends, 'I was at Finkey's pla night and I won a coupla h bucks.' You know why that's t recommendation? Well, I'll te why. It's because then your hear that and they say, 'Well, we'll go over there and take s that there sugar away.' See? ' get new customers and I get son new good-will. That's the best mendation my place gets; it' a customer wins, because othe grexes on the outside and pec away because they think there thin' screwy about my places know, Dave, that ain't so on that time you won."

"I oney won eighty bucks ar over two hundred the night l said Dave, almost resentfully.

"Listen, Dave. What you should do? Tell the wheel it turn up on your numbers? You been in my place last night. he was ahead almost two granc grand! And yet you say nobod The trouble with you fellas, yo know when to quit. Last nig guy, he's ahead almost two gra he don't go home. Well, he d that and five g's of his owr think of that, two grand h ahead!"

DAVE looked at Finkey's gla it was empty, and filled it. made Finkey think of his old man again.

"Geez, Dave, you don't know what it means to have your old man, semny-six years old, in a horsepital with pneumonia. I went to see him a coupla hours ago. As I was goin' into the place, my brother, Hermie, he looks at me. 'Abe,' he says, 'fa heaven's sakes,' he says, 'what's the matter wicha? Just look at you. You got a face two blocks long. You'd give anybody the creeps. Fa heaven's sakes,' he says, 'when you see Poppa, cheer your face up. Make believe evveything's O.K. so that Poppa don't get the creeps,' he says.

"Geez, Dave, you don't know what it means to go into a horsepital room, smilin' on your face and in your heart . . ." Dave patted him on the back and he managed to pull himself together. "I guess you fellas must think I'm a baby or somethin' carryin' on like this. But it's my father, semny-six years old he is, and there I hadda laugh and make believe I was happy.

thin'? In those days we didn't know no better.

"Y'know, the reason my brother, Hermie, and me went into the business was we figger we can clean up a lot of dough so we can make the old man

"Hey, what was th' name of that guy we wrote in last year?"

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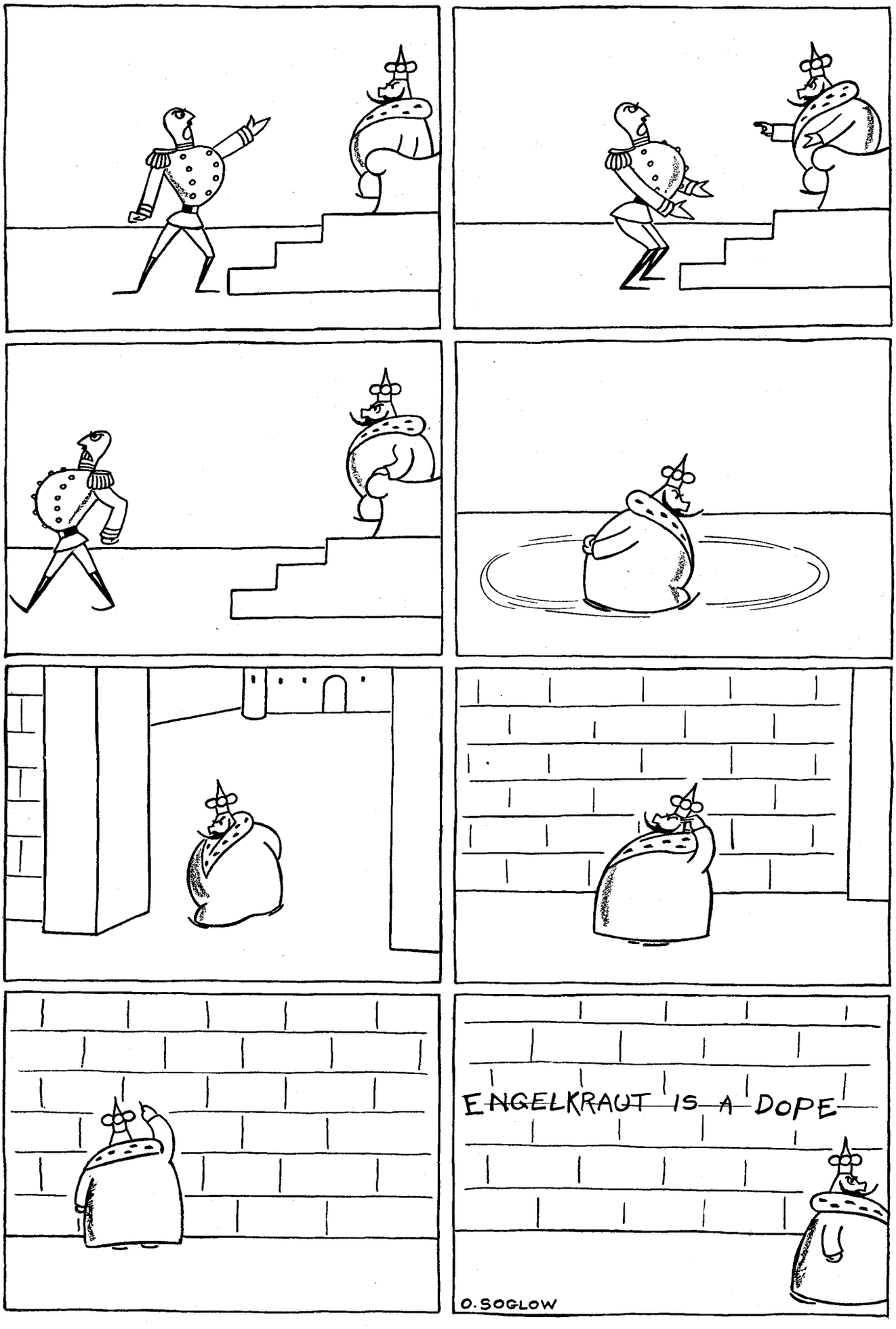

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"This brazeer is foolproof and comes in peach, Ma'am."

OF ALL THINGS

IF McKee's worst fears are realized, our form of government will be upset next Tuesday by Comrade LaGuardia, aided by such notorious upsetters as Mills, Mellen, Butler, and Bishop Manning. Politics makes strange Redfellows.

•

The wise money thinks that Mayor O'Brien will get his soul's dearest desire as of some months back—a ticket to Bohemia, where he can slip away from life's carking cares.

•

This time next week us guys will no longer be right-thinking men and women, intelligent voters, or uprising taxpayers, but just seven million other fellows. Anyhow, we had a good time while it lasted.

•

Latest estimates put the population of the United States at 130,000,000. By a remarkable coincidence, this is exactly the number of people who do not understand the meaning of Roosevelt's gold-purchase plan.

•

A careful study of editorials on the new monetary policy makes everything as lucid as a sports-announcer's explanation of a football play.

•

In our lack of knowledge about the effect of inflation we yield to none. But if the livelier baseball saved the national game, the livelier dollar might save the national government.

•

This unbossed department sees no reason German-Americans should not be allowed to hold a meeting and heil Hitler to their hearts' content. But we'd rather be right than be present.

•

The President says it is a shame that two great nations like the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. should not be on friendly terms. A snappy comeback by Kalinin would have been: "I didn't know you cared, little one."

•

When Max Litvinoff comes here, Roosevelt must stand firm on one point. We cannot recognize Soviet Russia until it acknowledges and repudiates its debts in the good, sound, capitalistic way.

•

We may live to see the day when the United States will resume diplomatic relations with Henry Ford.

•

In his speech at the World's Fair, Al Smith praised individualism and condemned government meddling. If he ever runs for anything again, he should get the unanimous vote of Herbert Hoover. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

NOVEMBER

Say what you like and say what you will,
  This is an end of decent weather;
The green hide molts from the God-damned hill
  And summer and beauty stalk off together.

Dawn will come late and still too early,
  The imbecile wind will have shutters to pound,
And the best of me will go sullen and surly
  With the bear and the woodchuck into the ground.

—JAKE FALSTAFF

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PROFILES

DEAN OF THE THEATRE—II

Daniel Frohman

WHEN Daniel Frohman, in the late sixties, became cashier of the New York *Standard*, that newspaper's ordinary advertising rate was twenty cents a line. The rate for municipal advertisements was forty cents a line. For every forty cents received from New York City, Frohman had to pay Tammany twenty cents.

At the age of nineteen, Dan was cashier, acting publisher, advertising manager, and second dramatic critic of the *Standard*. His salary was fifty dollars a week, but this was not clear income. Payday on the *Standard* wandered vaguely about the calendar. When Frohman collected his fifty dollars, he often had little use of it for himself, because he found it necessary to spend a large part of it on food for reporters, copyreaders, critics, and editors in order to keep up their strength so that they could get out the paper. On several occasions when the cash box was empty, the *Standard* ran out of newsprint. Frohman met these crises by borrowing paper surreptitiously from the foremen of the *Times* and the *Tribune*. Because of financial difficulties, the *Standard* finally quit publishing.

Frohman's first steady job after the collapse of the *Standard* was that of advance man for Callender's Original Georgia Minstrels. He remained for five years in this position, riding out the depression which followed the panic of '73. Traveling ahead of the minstrels, he gained an unrivaled knowledge of the distribution of the amusement-loving population in America. He often did his own billposting, mixing the paste himself and salting it to prevent freezing. Today, at his advanced age, he can still do billposting tricks which are unknown to the decadent artisans of the present. Give him a favoring wind, and with one brilliant flirt of the brush he causes an advertising sheet to sail up to the billboard and paste itself on without a wrinkle. Because of the rapid shifting of population in the mining regions and other newly settled parts of the country in the seventies, previous years' maps were untrustworthy and an advance man had to be an explorer. In parts of California, Frohman would ride to the top of a small mountain, pick out the likeliest-looking foothill and valley towns, and put them on the minstrels' itinerary. In Colorado and Nevada, he even pursued small cities from place to place. The show took in two hundred and thirty dollars one night in Corinne, Nevada; the following year, it played for approximately the same amount before the same audience but at a spot about ten miles distant, the citizens of Corinne having migrated in a body, taking the name of their town with them. During his five years as advance man, Frohman acted as a roving Broadway columnist. As a compliment to any editor who would publish a eulogy on the coming entertainment, the advance man would write a collection of paragraphs of metropolitan gossip of the last year or two. Other troupes of Original Georgia Minstrels were touring at the same time, and Frohman developed a distinguished strain of invective in newspaper wars with his rivals.

AFTER five years on the road, he was promoted for flat disobedience of orders. Callender had ordered Frohman to route the minstrels through the Leadville section of Colorado. Frohman protested by telegraph. Business was bad in the Leadville section, he reported. Callender overruled the protest. The advance man protested a second time. "Follow orders and send no more telegrams," wired Callender. Frohman stopped sending telegrams, but he routed the minstrels according to his own judgment, avoiding the Leadville region. Box-office results justified Frohman. At the end of the season, Callender called him in and said, "When I have a man who knows more than I do, I want him near me." Callender made him manager of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and three years later he was producing for himself. He had an instinct for picking the right people. One of his lucky strokes was that of engaging David Belasco, newly arrived from California, as his stage manager.

Two of his experiences in the eighties made a first-impression man of Frohman. "Hazel Kirke" was produced at the Madison Square Theatre after he became manager there. "The Highest Bidder" was one of his earliest ventures as an independent producer. Both plays delighted him in manuscript. Both grieved him in rehearsal. He predicted that "Hazel Kirke" might be kept alive for four weeks by its scenic novelties; it turned out to be the "Abie's Irish Rose" of the time, having a run of 485 days. He convinced himself that he had the bore of the century in "The Highest Bidder," but it proved a tremendous hit and made his reputation as a producer. Later experiences taught him that first impressions were sometimes broken reeds, but he still thinks they are more reliable in the theatre than prolonged meditations.

E. H. Sothern, who was starred in "The Highest Bidder," remained under Dan Frohman's management for nearly a quarter of a century. "The Great Pink Pearl" was the second of Frohman's independent productions. Late in 1887, he organized the stock company at the old Lyceum Theatre which became famous as a training school for great actors. One of the first plays presented by this company was "The Wife," by Belasco and De Mille, father of Cecil B. De Mille. The dramatists acted "The Wife" before they wrote it. Roughly outlining the plot and characters, they paced the bare stage, playing different parts, inventing business, and uttering lines as the harassed muse dictated. After scourging their genius for hours, they would jot down the things that seemed inspired, and then start scourging their genius again. The method was justified by the play's success. In 1888, Frohman's company presented "Lord Chumley," with E. H. Sothern. Maude Adams had a small part in it. Dan Frohman's younger brother Charles, who later became one of the important figures of the American theatre, foresaw the future of the young actress and took her under his management.

Dan was one of the great figures of the American stage during its transition. The old square-cut virtues and vices of the theatre were gradually superseded by problems, complexes, escapes, and defence mechanisms. From a place for settling the old grudge between good and evil, the theatre changed into a psychiatric ward. It was a revolution lasting more than half a century. One of the earliest phases

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"It's only me, honey—Wilbur!"

• •

was the decline in importance of the galleries. A little more than half a century ago, the God-fearing burghers began to take their parsons a little less seriously and to lose their pious horror of the stage. As the middle classes came slinking into the playhouses in greater numbers, the mental age of the audience rose slightly. Sophistication began to make slow inroads. In Frohman's youth, the galleries were still in full control of the acting on Saturday nights. John McCullough, after acting with comparative restraint on the five preceding nights, told Frohman it would be worth while to hear his Saturday-night yelling. "I'm going to give the boys a treat tonight," Mary Anderson said to him just before the curtain went up for the last performance of the week, and she let herself go until hysteria invaded the Saturday-night galleries. Parenthetically, Frohman is a heretic about Mary Anderson, who is rated by orthodox old-timers as the most beautiful woman that ever lived. He gives her second place, Adelaide Neilson first. The producer still corresponds with Mary Anderson, who is now seventy-four years old. In her last letter, she described the remarkable health her mother was enjoying.

THE decline of the soliloquy was another stride toward modernism, and Thomas Edison was responsible for this, according to Frohman. In the days of oil lamps, soliloquies were necessary, he says, because the light was not strong enough to enable the actor to convey much detailed information by changes of expression. When the electric bulbs came in, however, a pregnant leer was enough to reveal an actor's mental operations and the confidential oration to the audience became unnecessary.

The greatest change started when dramatists began to experiment boldly with sex complications and matrimonial troubles. When Frohman was young, sex was on its good behavior, as far as the theatre was concerned. The subject was not unknown, but on the

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stage allusions to it were generally made in a cipher which married persons could decode, but which was assumed to be over the heads of bachelors and maidens. Young people were expected to know vaguely that there was a fate worse than death, and a thing called honor which sometimes got lost, like an umbrella or a reticule; but these subjects were thought to be really intelligible only to men and women of the world. Public opinion would not let the stage take many liberties with wedlock. If, for instance, the villain bribed a dipsomaniac to put on a false beard and go through the motions of performing a marriage service, the joke would probably be on the villain, as it was likely to turn out that the alcoholic was a regularly ordained minister who had gone wrong many years before. If the fake parson remained a fake parson to the end, the villain would probably have a change of heart; he would sober up a real clergyman and have a genuine marriage performed before the heroine had suffered wrong. Some of the better playwrights could handle these themes without trick marriage services, but they had to pander in one way or another to the incredible delicacy of the audiences of the Grant-Hayes-Garfield-Arthur period.

Forty-four years ago, Frohman was caught between the dawning sophistication of playwrights and the lingering prejudices of audiences. It was when he produced Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," the heroine of which had been born out of wedlock. The playwright was within his rights in presenting a character of lawless origin, but not in trying to make her an agreeable person. Pinero was an ignoramus. He was apparently unaware that all illegitimate persons were odious wretches. If such a person manifested any redeeming traits, the experienced theatregoer confidently awaited the confession of a midwife, the discovery of a wedding ring, or the production of papers which would erase the bar sinister. It was mere nature-faking for Pinero to picture one and the same party as misbegotten and decently behaved. Audiences would not have it. Frohman had to cable Pinero for permission to correct the irregularity in the heroine's birth. This was reluctantly granted. The marriage bells rang out for the heroine's parents, and "Sweet Lavender" was taken into popular favor.

In 1893, Frohman found himself embarrassed by the possession of the American rights to Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." He recognized it as a great play, but feared that it was too strong for the America of the second Cleveland administration. It might, he believed, cause a dangerous commotion if played to a first-night audience and first-string critics. It was necessary to prevent the play from getting talked about too much all of a sudden, and Frohman wrote to Pinero that he was thinking of presenting it at a series of matinées. The plan was to slide it in unobtrusively in the hope that the second-string critics and the second-string audiences would produce only a negligible furore. Though not moral enough for the night, the play was considered moral enough for the afternoon. Eventually, Frohman abandoned the matinée plan and sold his rights to Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, the English stars, who presented the play in this country without causing the anticipated insurrection of the peasantry.

ONE of Frohman's early productions was an adaptation of Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper." The two men became warm friends, although the producer found that the humorist had the fault, common to novelists, of insisting on having the conversation of his characters carried over bodily into the play, whether or not the conversation had any dramatic value. Another difficulty arose. It was found that the author had sold the dramatic rights to "The Prince and the Pauper" to two different men. The first buyer sued Frohman, and Frohman sued Twain, but this did not disturb their friendship. While the litigation raged, the plaintiff and defendant played billiards together regularly at the Players Club and at Mark Twain's home. Frohman lost in the lower court, won on appeal, but dropped the suit when Mark Twain's publishing house got into difficulties.

Frohman at one time offered a contract to George Bernard Shaw to write exclusively for the Lyceum stock company. Shaw refused on the ground that a guaranteed steady income would ruin his character. Frohman produced works of Sardou and Henry Arthur Jones, but his leading successes were with romantic plays such as "If I Were King" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." Besides Sothern and Maude Adams, a few of the noted actors who won much of their early fame in Frohman's old stock

"Could I have next Saturday off, Mis' Parker? I got tickets for de Yale-Georgia game."

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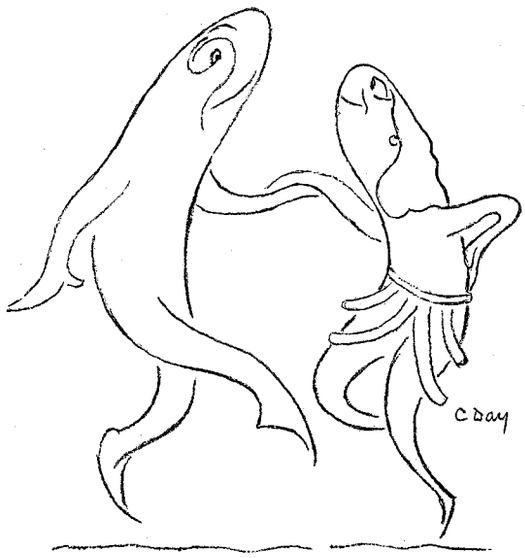
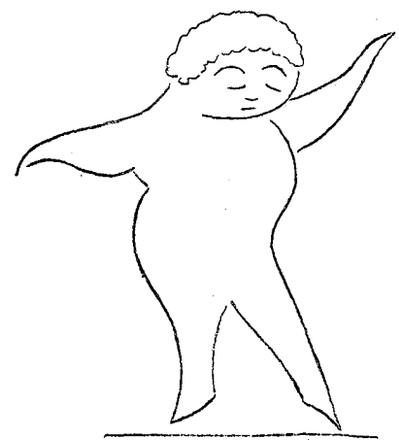
STATES OF BLISS



Rhythm, we adore and fear you,
Swirling, swaying, when we hear you,
With a weavy, wavy motion
Like amœbæ in the ocean.

"In the Beginning," saith the Law
(As true today as then),
"God looked upon the Earth and saw
That it was good"—for men.

There's no one near to cheer or hoot,
But his tunes are freely blown.
Happy the artist who can toot
Ecstatic and alone.



She is fat, and getting fatter,
But a lot of it's behind;
And it isn't pounds that matter,
It's a lady's state of mind.

—CLARENCE DAY

• •

company were Herbert Kelcey, Henry Miller, Mrs. Whiffen, William Faversham, Henrietta Crosman, Mary Mannering, Hilda Spong, Julie Opp, James K. Hackett, May Robson, Margaret Anglin, Fannie Ward, and Virginia Harned. After a long and important career in the legitimate theatre, Frohman switched to the movies in 1913. Adolph Zukor at that time had the dream that the public would pay to see celebrated actors in full-length shows on the screen. He tried unsuccessfully to interest Charles Frohman, but Daniel became vice-president and manager of Famous Players, which presented Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth," James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Mary Pickford in "A Good Little Devil," and other landmarks of the beginning of the modern era of the pictures.

In recent years, Frohman has devoted himself chiefly to the affairs of the Actors' Fund, of which he has been president for thirty years. The Fund, with Frohman as secretary, was started in 1882 to find a dignified solution of the problem created by ex-actors and resting actors who haunted stage doors in search of small loans. It has grown in half a century to great financial strength and now disburses approximately two hundred thousand dollars annually for relief. It is recognized that the success of this great philanthropy has been due largely to the ceaseless efforts of Uncle Dan, as he is affectionately known to members of his profession. —ALVA JOHNSTON

(This is the second of two articles about Mr. Frohman.)

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THE MAN WHO READS DOROTHY DIX

GOOD morning, my love! I hope you slept well. You look as if you had. Ah, how fresh, how lovely you look! Cheeks like roses, eyes that sparkle like jewels. You don't look a day older than when we were married, but that's how it should be. And that negligee you have on—is it new? . . . No? Well, I like it. I like it ever so much better than the blue one you wore yesterday. I even like it better than the pink one trimmed with feathers which you wore the day before yesterday. . . . Nice of me to remember your clothes? My *dear!* Why shouldn't I? . . . What? . . . Read the paper? No such thing! Read the paper with lovely you sitting right across from me! Did I read the paper when we were first married? I should say not! Then why should I read it now? Marriage ought not to change that. No indeed. . . . You want to kiss me? Darling! I can't possibly let you. I couldn't think of it. Never, never show a man that you love him. It will ruin any marriage. Keep a man guessing. That's the way to hold him. Let him guess, guess, guess, and let him pay, pay, pay.

I SUPPOSE you need some money right now? . . . What, you haven't still got last week's allowance! That will never do. Never. You must force me to keep my nose to the grindstone. Keep me on tiptoe. Let me tell you, darling, that it is the silly, extravagant, pretty girls that keep their men. The fine, noble, self-sacrificing, thrifty women don't, if they ever get a man in the first place. It is the bitter truth, alas, and you must face it *bravely*. Here's a hundred dollars. Now go and buy yourself a knickknack. And by the way, I shall not be home for dinner this evening. I am taking your friend Louise out. We may see a show after and drop in at a night club. In fact, I may not come home at all tonight. But I presume that you have your own date? . . . You are staying home, reading? My *love*, what an idea! Staying home and waiting for me! Now really, sweet, that's not the way to hold my interest. Not at all. Why don't *you* step out, too? Go out with Tom, Harry, or Dick. Drink, dance, and be merry. Be gay, be young, be frivolous. Don't worry about me! Let me do the worrying. Treat me nonchalantly. Make me jealous. Let me feel that I am not the only man in your life! When I forget your daily orchid, smile. Smile and show me the basket you bought yourself.

Forget my socks, leave my buttons off, open my letters.

You shall not have a tyrant in your home! No, a thousand times no. Your fine spirit shall *not* be broken. I will not stand for it, even if you would. —MADDY VEGTEL

•

UNANSWERABLE QUESTIONS

PROPOUNDED IN THE PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE NEWS

"There are no new jokes—what's a guy going to do?"—*Lou Holtz.*

"Why do nations, professing to be in favor of disarmament, continue to arm?"—*Senator William E. Borah.*

"Why does a man write a book?"—*George Jean Nathan.*

"I could fill the theatre again if I played 'The Music Master'—but what's the use?"—*David Warfield.*

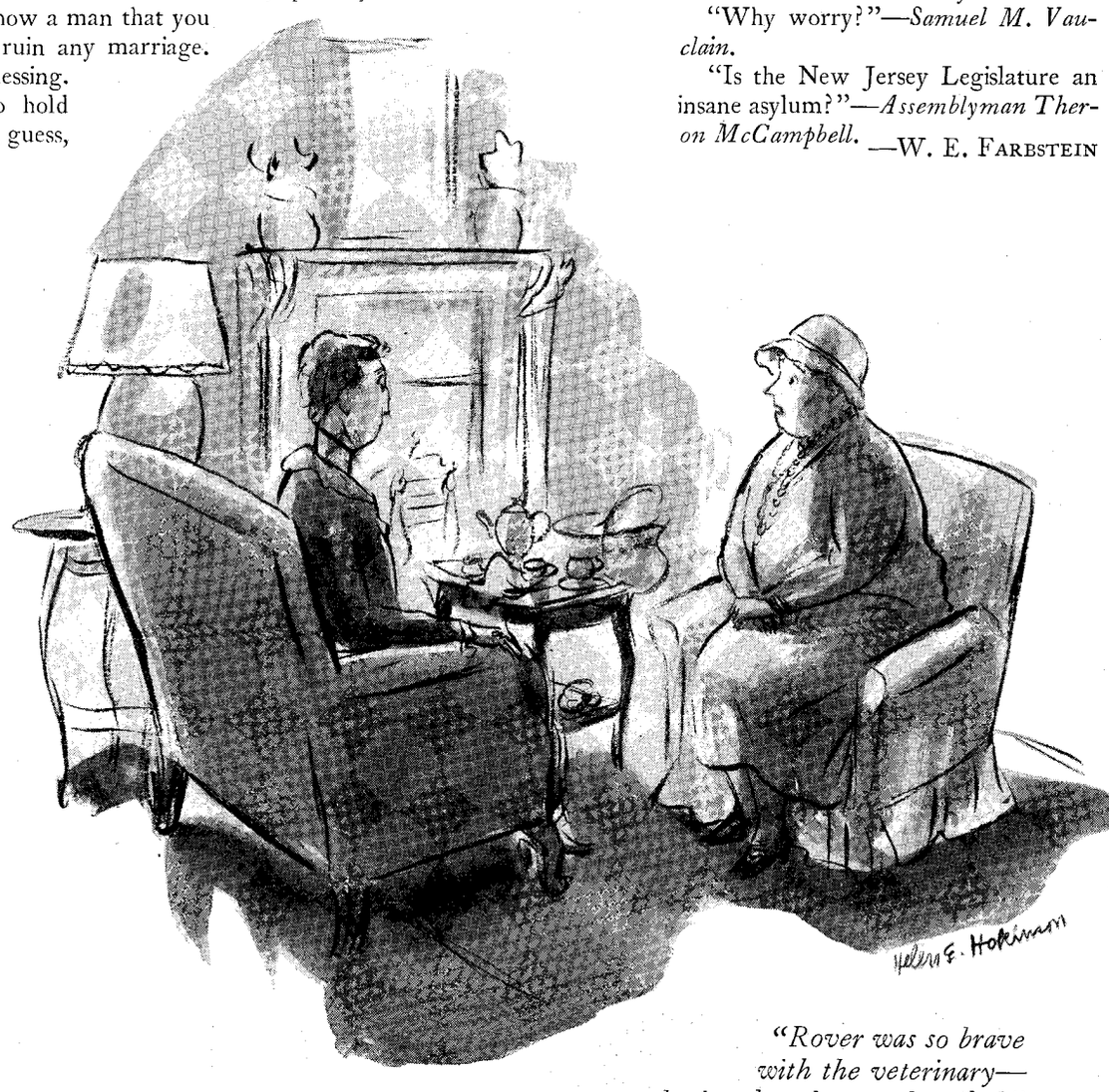
"Does anything pay?"—*Norma Talmadge.*

"Why does anybody work?"—*Molla Mallory.*

"What is it that women love in men?"—*General Smedley D. Butler.*

"Why worry?"—*Samuel M. Vauclain.*

"Is the New Jersey Legislature an insane asylum?"—*Assemblyman Theron McCampbell.* —W. E. FARBSTEIN



"Rover was so brave with the veterinary— he just lay there and smiled."

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THE THEATRE

AND STILL THEY COME

THE opening of "Her Master's Voice" at the Plymouth Theatre was more of an occasion than the mere induction of a highly amusing comedy into the Broadway scene. Any drama-lover over the age of thirteen must have experienced a surge of something approximating gloat at witnessing the old, decrepit, browbeaten Theatre taking a return sock at the Movies after all these years of leading with the chin in the unequal fight for talent. It may be only a temporary victory, but it all goes in with that happy series of events which have already made this the Theatre's Good Year.

For, in one well-planned raid, Broadway brought back Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews, and Elizabeth Patterson, to say nothing of Frances Fuller, who, though only recently captured by Hollywood, had already made herself a valued hostage. They may all go back to the gold fields eventually, but for one season at least they are contributing to the renaissance of Old Times on Broadway. And to have them in a comedy by Clare Kummer in her pristine form brings the cup to that delightful state known as "overflowing."

There is, if you want to give in, a laugh in practically every line of "Her Master's Voice." You begin by laughing every time you feel like it, but after a while you realize that the thing is apparently going on all evening and that you will have to save yourself. They are nice laughs, the kind that you can either give vent to or keep to yourself, so the net result is a pleasant, warm feeling. You don't have to laugh out loud when someone says that "electricity ought to work no matter *where* it is turned on," but the dogmatic generality is grateful in these days of hedging and pussyfooting. To hear a monument described as looking like "a successful attempt to prevent resurrection" may not throw you into a half-gale of laughter, but I think you will like it. And when Mr. Young says that he doesn't like to hear people sing, because "it is too much trouble—for them," you know what he means, and knowing what people mean is a satisfactory sensation.

The play itself is sufficiently old-fashioned to recall the time when mistaken identity and beds were hot stuff, and that, in itself, gives one a little glow. The probability of a meek husband's being taken for a butler by his wealthy aunt-in-law is not the stuff of which great plays are made (Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding), but in this case it so happens that the combination of Miss Kummer and her cast of prodigal sons and daughters (Mr. Frederick Perry is the only one who has not strayed from the fold in all these years) has resulted in a comedy which takes each individual cockle of your heart and warms it personally.

"SAILOR, BEWARE!"

This lady (Audrey Christie) is the belle of the Canal Zone. Her virtue is the talk of the United States Navy and the principal concern of the comedy at the Lyceum. The nautical character ogling her is Bruce Macfarlane.

I WILL admit that the chief reason for my wanting to see "Spring in Autumn" was that I had heard that in it Blanche Yurka stood on her head and sang Puccini. If you wouldn't go to the theatre to see that, you wouldn't go for anything. But Miss Yurka completes this maneuver with such grace (don't ask me how she handles her skirts—I couldn't quite detect the trick) that sensation-mongers will have little material to work with. It is a very funny scene, but it makes standing on one's head seem like all in the day's work.

The comedy itself is from the Span-

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Stage arriving • Old London Coffee House • Philadelphia • 1776

A hearty delight from old Colonial days!

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Step back in your imagination to the quaint streets of Philadelphia in the days when Washington and Franklin and Jefferson were not just portraits, but breathing men. In those stirring "times that tried men's souls"—men would pause from their tasks and regale themselves with a delectable dish which was known as Pepper Pot Soup.

And now Campbell's bring it to your table just as the eager diners of those days enjoyed it. Made from an old Colonial recipe, it transports you in thought to the sumptuous tables of long ago. Rich, velvet-smooth, teeming with luscious good eating, it blends tempting morsels of meat, diced potatoes and carrots, macaroni dumplings and those irresistible seasonings—whole black peppercorns, savory thyme, marjoram, sweet pimientos, fresh parsley. But only tasting can do it justice!

A Man's Soup

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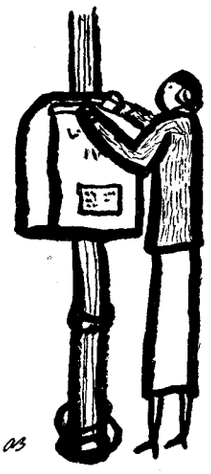
ish of Sierra, which assures perfect peace of mind in the audience, and, dealing as it does with the slightly familiar theme of the operatic diva and her unhappy family, creates practically no stir in historical circles, although it is sufficiently amusing to hold your attention if you have nothing else on your mind.

EVER since "Women Go On Forever," I have been wagging my head and saying that Daniel N. Rubin would write a knockout some day, but in "Move On, Sister" I am not getting the coöperation from him that I have a right to expect. We've got to pull together, you know, Mr. Rubin. I can't do *all* the work.



"Move On, Sister" has flashes of that headstrong dramatic feeling which has marked the other Rubin plays, but for the most part it is an old-time Channing Pollock morality tableau, with the Law, the Press, and the Church, represented by three despicable hypocrites who are just about the meanest men you ever saw, all fighting to get the money left by another cad, representing Big Business and Power, who dies in a light-green oxygen tent in the first act. Well, sir, you'll never guess who gets the money in the end! Miss Fay Bainter, representing Harlotry! It is the kind of play in which the mere fact that a young lady is a prostitute is considered sufficient proof that she should win out. Miss Bainter gives several scenes more than they deserve and the menfolk give off villainy with sufficient skill, but I am afraid that "Move On, Sister" is not the play of Mr. Rubin's that I have been talking about all these years.

THERE is a note on the program of "The World Waits" which reads, "The author wishes to state that the incidents and characters of his play are in no sense other than purely creative based on any particular set of facts or incidents." Crossing out the extra words in this sentence and rearranging it slightly to make sense, we deduce that the author does not want us to think that his play is about the first Byrd expedition to the South Pole. This does not prevent us, however, from having our own opinion in the matter.

"The World Waits" is a good, bitter, he-man attack on super-publicized exploration, and by the time you are out of the crowded hut and into Forty-fourth Street mushing home, you are pretty well convinced that you were right in having suspected that all is not Eagle Scout drill and skittles on a polar junket. There are no women in the cast, but there are a lot of men who are good and sore, headed by Reed Brown, Jr., and Donald Gallaher, and the radio over in the corner, which brings encouraging words from a waiting world, takes on a personality which is something akin to the preacher's in "Move On, Sister." Someone had a hand in "The World Waits" who knew his ice floes, and it wouldn't do a bit of harm for a lot of people to take a look at it.

"A DIVINE DRUDGE" was fashioned by Vicki Baum and John Golden from Miss Baum's recent novel, "And Life Goes On," telling the story of the small-town doctor who almost loses his wife in his attempts to discover a cure which has, unbeknownst to him, already been thrashed over in the outside world. There is also an automobile accident which hurls a prizefighter, a moving-picture star, and a man-of-the-world into the doctor's waiting-room, thereby complicating his troubles. In spite of all this, "A Divine Drudge" is a fairly solid piece of woodcarving.

Walter Abel, Minor Watson, Tamara Geva, and others go in and out of the scene (which is a good one of Jo Mielziner's), but the real reason you will remember the occasion is the introduction of the German stage and film star, Mady Christians, into what we hope will be a long American season, if not in this play, then in some other. Miss Christians is not only a good actress, but, if I may be so colloquial, a good-looker, and we can always use this combination in the theatre.

"EIGHT BELLS" is a rousing tale of mutiny at sea which has had great success in London. Aside from the fact that almost every one of the preliminary scenes is twice too long, one does get a feeling of trouble brewing which fills the Hudson Theatre with a life which it has not known for several seasons. And when the trouble is finally brewed, there is lots of noise

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Hop over to the alkaline side

Move over quickly, Sir! Move over where wise men take their drinking sensibly: no heavy, sweetish drinks here! White Rock is slightly alkaline and tends to counteract the acidity of whatever you mix it with. Its tang is truly "dry." It bubbles with vitality. *It thinks of tomorrow.*

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Glint of gowns on a classic staircase . . . quiet, gracious hospitality . . . it all tells you of the subtle distinction so much a part of the great new *Georgic* and her sister liner the *Britannic*—England's largest Cabin ships. More than the joy of travel on a *new* ship . . . more than the *inexpensive* luxury of Cabin Class . . . there is a gracious art of living that's notably White Star. You will find it on the mighty *Majestic*, world's largest ship, and her huge running mate the *Olympic*—the same perfection of service, of modern cabin appointments, of tempting cuisine. Services to Ireland, England, France. Book through your local agent. His services are free.

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and cursing and great fun for everyone. Colin Clive and John Buckler stage one of the best rough-and-tumbles seen on the local boards in years, besides acting well on their feet, and Rose Hobart, as the captain's wife, leads her rather unhappy life with calm and distinction. As the leader of the mutiny, Siegfried Rumann adds to his already long list of memorable characterizations, and I was sorry to see Alfred Kappeler die, for I am probably the only one who remembers his playing Little Billee in "Trilby" some thirty years ago. I doubt if even he remembers it. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

ADMISSION

Genuine Seaweed Baths.—*Adv. in Punch.*

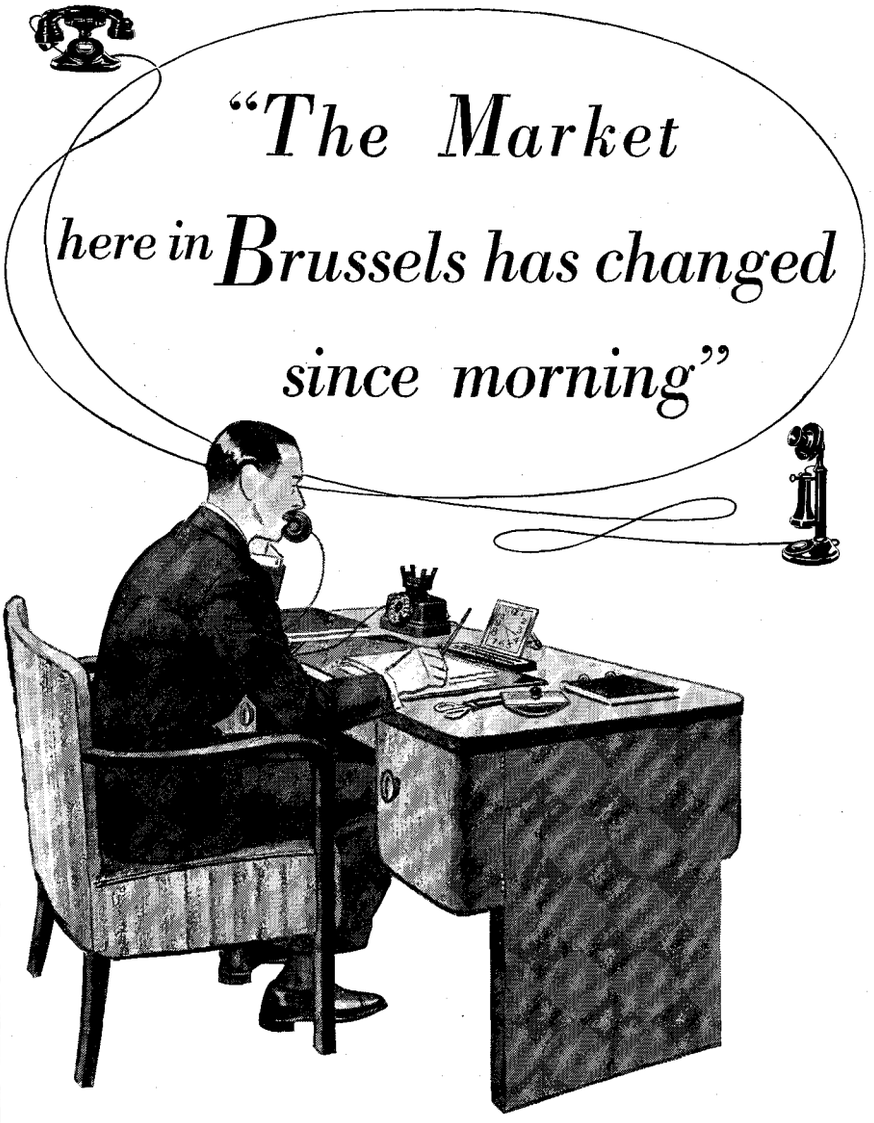
Though buxom British maidens may
Blithely bounce at break of day
Straight from bed to seaweed bath,
This girl's a softie who would rath-
Er soak herself in perfumed, floaty
Suds of Houbigant or Coty,
Who likes to lie in lather deli-
Cately scented, not in smelly
Seaweed, and who wouldn't care
To pluck a cockle from her hair.
She would find it much too wearing
To bathe in brine like Bismarck herring.
Her feeble fibre's not so stoic
As to scrub her unheroic
Craven clay with sandy weeds—
Even though it's grit she needs!

—JEAN BATCHELOR

•

I think I have had my share of thrills. One could scarcely drive a Ford ambulance up and down the battle front for fifteen months during the World War without feeling a chill or two along his spinal column. Be that as it may, I shall recall as long as I live the delicious buzzing in my ears on the night of April 16, 1932, as my Interfraternity Club team mates swarmed over the barricades in the magnificent grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, formed a circle about me, and sang as they never sang before that inspiring University of Illinois song which opens with the refrain, "Hail to the Orange." Nor shall I soon forget how proud I felt as stately George Swinnerton Parker, donor of the Parker Cup, perpetual symbol of ping-pong supremacy, presented it to me with a gracious speech. Sidney Lenz was there, too, clasping my hand in his friendly way. Then there was Conrad Nagel, Nancy Carroll, Johnny Weissmuller and a sea of smiling faces. Flashlights boomed, little boys pushed ping-pong balls under my nose to autograph, and everything was pink.—*From "Modern Ping-Pong," by Coleman Clark.*

Hail to the pink!



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HERE'S the gayest idea in years—a shining little bubble of a one-cup teapot that makes tea by yourself a joy! Just a crystal-clear globe with touches of gleaming metal and a smart black Durez handle.

And this teapot can "take it" . . . it's made of the same heat- and cold-resistant glass as your Pyrex Brand Ovenware. You can put it right over the heat, fill it up with scalding tea, or let it tinkle at the touch of ice.

Pyrex Teapots are transparent and tell tea strength at a glance. Stainproof, too. Handles are never too hot for comfort, and fragile, dripping spouts have been eliminated entirely.

Tea for Two (or Four, or Six)

There are larger editions of Pyrex Teapots, too. Use them for hot coffee, iced coffee, lemonade, ice water, as well as tea. Prices $1.00 and up—and just in case you should drop one on a concrete floor or something, new bowls can be bought separately.

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THE RACE TRACK

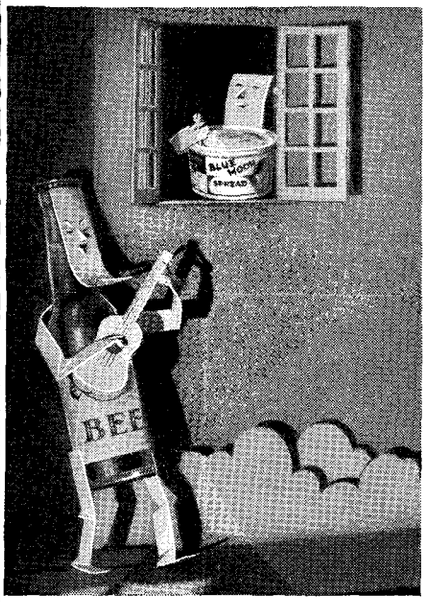
Pimlico and the Tote

PIMLICO again—and we like it. Frankly, we're a bit selfish, but racing really is conducted ever so much better here than at most tracks. Even the bad horses seem to run well. Of course, we must complain about something, so it'll have to be about the length of the meeting. It's only ten days. As there will be no Pimlico Futurity this year, the big race for two-year-olds will be the Walden Handicap this weekend. Other races worth remembering are the Masters of Fox Hounds Steeplechase, on November 9th, and the Riggs Handicap, on the closing day of the meeting, November 11th. Speaking of races, we never thought Frank Bryan would name a claiming race the Suburban.

WE like the Tote. We inspected the new one at Pimlico last Sunday, and were awed by the miles of wire, and the magnets and gimmicks that clicked, whirred, and buzzed like a hundred dial telephones gone mad. Everybody was invited to test the machines by taking tickets—as many as you liked, and no money involved—on imaginary horses in an imaginary race. A woman tried to pay for a ticket—force of habit, we suppose—and the Honourable George, who hates crowds, took one at the "Two Dollars Show" window. Everybody else was trying to get to the fifty-dollar-ticket booth.

DARK SECRET, who won the Washington Handicap at Laurel last weekend, is just another of those horses we've never taken seriously. If you didn't see the race, it was the sort that sends the he - wins - he - loses type of spectator, who is in the throes of uncertainty until the winning post is passed, clamoring for sedatives. Four horses were in front at different stages, but Dark Secret swept past them in the straight, to win from Mate by half a length. Early in the week, Brother Bostwick had said, "I don't know whether I ought to run Mate against Winooka, for Mate will beat him and break up that race with Equipoise; but

THE SERENADE



Thousands are singing praises to BLUE MOON Camembrie as the perfect partner for beer. Try BLUE MOON'S merry tang on your own tongue. It has the real cheese flavor.

To the daily menu, also, BLUE MOON adds interesting variety. It is easy to use in preparing many food delights. Five varieties.

Obtainable Wherever Food Is Sold or Served

BLUE MOON

PIMIENTO
AMERICAN
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"On Every Well Set Table"

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I've got to work him, so I might as well." Mate won that race, but he was a bit too hard to handle in the early running of the Washington.

WELL, Winooka has been beaten twice—and booed, too, by those Maryland crowds who just love a good horse. It seemed to us that Britt, the Australian boy who rode him, wasn't much help to Winooka in either race, nor was there much hands-across-the-seas helpfulness on the part of the American jockeys. He's a first-class horse, but he's had too much traveling and managing. We'd like to see him ridden by Mills, or Workman. Then you'd find out.

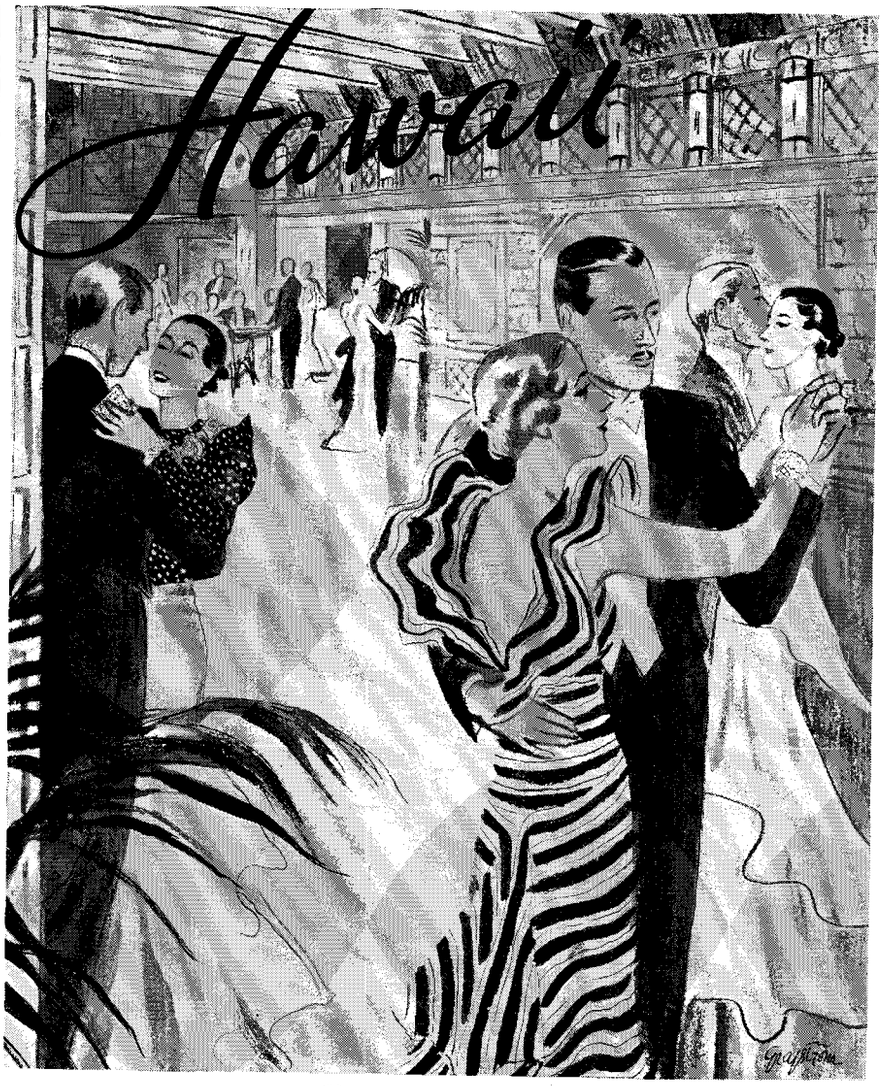
IT'S still a filly year among the two-year-olds. Bazaar skipped nimbly around the track at Laurel last week-end and won the Spalding Lowe Jenkins Handicap, and the same afternoon Mata Hari also beat colts in the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes at Latonia. We thought Bazaar looked a bit jaded, but she stepped off as briskly as she did in the Hopeful Stakes, and ran gamely under the whip.

ONE of our pet theories is that early racing ruins two-year-olds, and older horses become bored with too much. An exemplar of the converse is Chase Me, a four-year-old gelding by Purchase, belonging to Mrs. John Bosley, Jr. He's been used as a hack; shown as a hunter at horse shows, where he took ribbons; and last winter the Bosley children rode him—they tossed a coin for the privilege—to hounds in the Green Spring Valley. He was put in training a few months ago, and came up to the races at Havre de Grace. Well, he's started three times, and won three races from pretty good fields, at pretty good odds.

CONTINUING on theories, Ed Bradley, who has lots of them, has forbidden Meade, his stable jockey, to drive motorcars. His reason isn't the obvious one. He says the rider's hands are, or should be, as delicate as a billiard- or violin-player's, and that shifting gears and steering ruins that "touch." —AUDAX MINOR

•

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25—Albert H. Wiggin today asked the Chase National Bank to discontinue his salary of $100,000 a year for life, voted previous to his retirement last January as chairman of its board. The bank complied.—*The Times.*

Atta bank!

Veranda Night Club, S. S. Mariposa

Travel is turning due West! Three stunning new ships have tipped the scales in favor of the Pacific! Which is by way of being a royal salute to the "Mariposa", "Monterey" and "Lurline". Ships you must voyage on to understand.

From the moment you sail, happiness plants its seeds within you as easily as the roots of the wild ginger probe the soft yielding earth of Hawaii. It echoes in the music of a sea-going night club that strikes joy to the toes of those who love to dance.

Tropical nights blend into care free days for the relish of life in an utterly different pattern; starting with pleasure, ending with contentment. *A foretaste of Hawaii.*

Ships designed for graceful living. From lounge to library, smoking room to stateroom —themed by Polynesia, with colors coaxed from a tropic sunset. Daringly original. Eminently sane.

Diversions active *and inactive.* Sports paraphernalia galore to whittle waistlines and whet appetites. Swimming Pool (miniature Pacific) attended by a mild and faithful sun. Snug deck-chairs . . . to idle . . . sip things . . . watch the smart world go by.

Fitting prologue, indeed, to the colorful pageant that is Hawaii. A pageant of tropical pastime, sunlit adventurings on beach and coral cove, jaunts under the platinum promise of the moon. *Where the only season is summer* and life is viewed through the eyes of youth. *At a cost that is one of the best reasons for going now.*

South Seas

NEW ZEALAND · AUSTRALIA

via Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji

At last new ships ("Mariposa", "Monterey") bring new speed and luxury into service to these magnificent, unspoiled lands. A meagre 15 days to New Zealand, a mere 18 days to Australia. Adventuring pirate lanes for doubloons of South Seas phantasy and jewels of mystery under the Southern Cross. Modest fares chart the expense and keep it low.

Even a discussion with your travel agency or with our offices will prove highly interesting.

Matson Line ★ Oceanic Line

New York . Chicago . San Francisco . Los Angeles . Seattle . Portland

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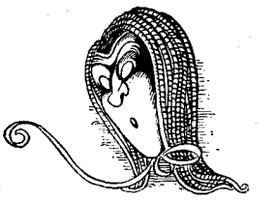
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



"OH, AMOS COTTLE"

AT the town of Allegan, in the state of Michigan, it was recently complained against a dancing master from Kalamazoo that he had persuaded a band of followers to foot it featly in the nude under a local greenwood tree. These goings-on had exacerbated the wife of a farmer whose tilled fields ran up to the edge of the outraged dell. The farmer's wife gladly took time off from her more humdrum chores to lodge a protest with the authorities. She snorted at the suggestion that she might have been misled by flesh-colored tights. She had not, she explained, lived sixty years for nothing. It is, I suppose, a legitimate and consoling inference that by spending several decades in this vale of tears one does at least develop a flair for the human epidermis.

The inquiry which her complaint generated was conducted by Prosecutor Wellbourne S. Luna, and long after my clippings on the case have moldered to dust, I will remember that the hearing in Allegan was held before a justice of the peace whose name was Fidus Fish. Surely if a mere Amos Cottle could have so profound an effect on the late Lord Byron, the sight of Fidus Fish would justify me, too, in ejaculating: "Phœbus, what a name!" Once again am I moved to marvel greatly at the good fortune by which kindred episodes in American lore are almost invariably enriched by such names as the late Mr. Dickens would have first adored, next appropriated, and then invested with immortality.

CHARLES DICKENS could not be happy, or even comfortable, in the spinning of a tale until he had got the names to suit him. Such felicities as Dan'l Peggotty and Jonas Chuzzlewit were arrived at only by trial and error. For weeks before he started writing, he would carry tentative names about with him to get the feel of them, jingling them in his pocket as he stood before the fire, tossing them into the air as he walked along the road. In such a period of probation, one young man of destiny was known first as Thomas Mag, and next as David Mag, until at last he became, for all time, David Copperfield.

Dickens carried a notebook in which he kept a squirrel's store of such nuts. He would copy them from newspapers and pluck them from the school rolls. In that waiting list, you will meet, for the first time, Lammle, Plornish, Sapsea, Rokesmith, Dorrit, Carton, Podsnap, Clarriker, Pumblechook, Boffin, Riderhood, and Wegg. During the War, this notebook was given by Comyns Carr to the British Red Cross. It was bought eventually by Jerome Kern, and he kept it until his library was dispersed five years ago. I don't know who has it now.

Thus I think Mr. Dickens would have greatly doted on an advertisement which, to the lyrical delight of F.P.A., recently appeared in the personal column of the New York *Herald Tribune*. It had been sent up from New Orleans to the end that some long-lost relative should communicate with Miss Melodia Tucker of Abundance Street. Then I am sure Mr. Dickens would have beamed as I did one morning last week when I found, in the mail on my breakfast tray, a letter with a California postmark which had been written me by a reader named Jane Letitia Sanctuary.

And I think his attention would have been caught by the same detail which arrested mine in a recent episode that pleased the people at Wake Forest College, where Massa Laurence Stallings got his book-learning. Of late they have been getting ready to rebuild old Waite Hall, which, after gracing that North Carolina campus for nine and ninety years, was burned down not long ago. Strolling across the melancholy site of the vanished building, one of the pedagogues saw and picked up in the débris the charred fragment of a yellowing letter which had been addressed to the President of Wake Forest when the building was new. It had been written by the father of the very man who was now picking it up. At Wake Forest this was thought to be a pretty coincidence, but to my mind the charm of the incident was incalculably enhanced by an irrelevant circumstance which only a stranger could really savor—only one to whose ears it was new. I mean the charm imparted to the incident by the pedagogue's name. That name was J. L. Memory. Professor Memory, I salute you! Are you aware, sir, that when Mr. Dickens was first planning to write "A Tale of Two Cities," he intended to call it "Memory Carton"?

RECENTLY I was faced with the difficulty of explaining to the puzzled party concerned my relish of something he had had about the house so long that he himself was as oblivious of it as of the fine New Hampshire air he breathes. In August of the year just past, dispatches from Hampton Falls reported the discovery there of the nude, headless, and bullet-ridden body of a woman. Instinctively the Boston *Daily Record* referred to this grisly trove as the body of a *young* woman, and thereafter had, I trust, the grace to be embarrassed by her identification as somebody's grandmother. What delighted most readers of the first dispatches was, I am sure, the gravity with which the ineluctable sheriff of Rockingham County boldly announced that this woman had been slain. Well, they said to themselves, there's no keeping anything from him.

What delighted me, however, was this officer's name. I felt better for knowing there was such a person in the world as Sheriff Ceylon Spinney. I heard later that, in telephoning to the County Jail at Portsmouth for further information, the *Record* office startled Sheriff Spinney by reporting this frank delight of mine. Who had they said was so pleased with his name? Woollcott. Who? Alexander Woollcott. There was a perplexed pause, and then the Sheriff bade them spell it. W-o-o-l-l-c-o-t-t. The Sheriff was incredulous, but the *Record* insisted.

"So that's the man who's amused at *my* name, is it?" was the Sheriff's comment. And as he hung up, the *Record* could hear the first faint rumblings of the Homeric laughter which filled the County Jail at Portsmouth that night.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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WHY NOT GO COMPLETELY PURITAN WITH YOUR THANKSGIVING FEAST

BUT PREPARE IT IN ONE-TENTH THE TIME THAT PRISCILLA SPENT

"Now, folks, you'll know what real *plum pudding tastes like!"*

ARISE, palate patriots! I've plucked from the kitchens of Miles Standish and his clan a Thanksgiving menu, the glory of which even 300 years of inspired cookery has failed to dim.

In this old menu there is leeway aplenty. For instance, let the bird be turkey or duck, chicken or goose. All four laid down their lives for Pilgrim feasting.

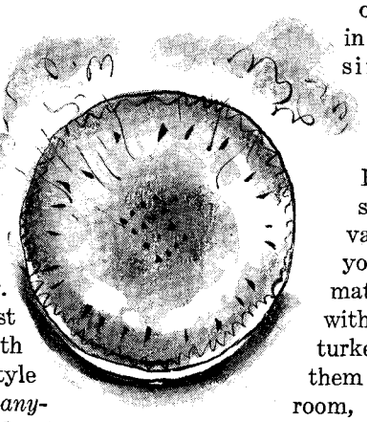
And now to the news. With the bird in the oven, the rest is astonishingly easy. This is an early American menu, to be sure, but it is magically robbed of its traditional tedium and labor.

The first course, of course, should surely be soup. Prefacing, as it does, the festive bird, it should be of a quality which serves notice that—ye gods!—this is no *common* repast. Indeed, not just "any old soup", but a soup with the real old fashioned soup-kettle flavor. Therefore I suggest Heinz "home-made" cream of tomato or Heinz cream of mushroom. Or, if you prefer a lighter message to the palate, make it Heinz "home-made" gumbo Creole soup. There are twelve other varieties from which to choose, every one with that genuine "home-made" flavor. If you'd like to slip in just one mischievous modern gesture, instead of soup, serve chilled glassfuls of Heinz pure vine-fresh tomato juice.

Well, we are ready for the turkey. There is cranberry sauce or jelly, or Heinz currant jelly, of course, and white potatoes, mashed; sweet potatoes, baked. Then a long list of old-fashioned vegetables from which to choose, including squash, cauliflower, onions, carrots, turnips, cabbage, eggplant and beets.

But be sure to provide the necessary *flavor contrasts*, those indispensable aids to the perfect feast. Most effective for this purpose are Heinz sweet and sour pickles, and Heinz Queen olives.

And now to dessert. Mince pie or plum pudding, you say? Yes, either one, and so easy to conjure up, too. You need not go out and shoot your turkey as the Puritans did, nor need you spend hours concocting your mince meat or plum pudding. Let the pie be at least an inch thick, fill it with Heinz early American style mince meat, and I defy *anyone* to tell it from home-kitchen stock. If the vote is for plum pudding, your luck is even kinder. Merely heat a Heinz plum pudding and serve it with sauce. If you prefer a dessert less "filling", try Heinz fig pudding or Heinz new date pudding.



And there, if you please, is a 17th century Thanksgiving menu, alive with old fashioned flavors, but magically stripped of much of its toil and trouble and "kitchen-work blues." THREE minutes to heat, and Heinz "home-made" soups are ready to serve and enjoy. Add nothing to them, for they are prepared and cooked as you would do it in your own kitchen. Mixed in small batches, slowly simmered in small open kettles, sealed hot from the pot into stout tins, Heinz "home-made" soups (in 15 delicious varieties) are, I assure you, fully worthy to match flavor fineness with your Thanksgiving turkey. Notable among them are cream of mushroom, cream of tomato, noodle soup and beef broth.

Have you heard my "Hostess Counsel" Broadcasts — Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings?

—JOSEPHINE GIBSON

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

MARCONI STARTED IT

IF you are one of those people who can still get goggle-eyed watching Progress stomp with its godlike unconcern through the middle of our days and nights, I call your attention to the National Broadcasting Company—more specifically, to the new plant of that corporation, which will be opening in a few days now. This place has, I can tell you, the fabulous quality. It is a new and higher swell upon the era in which all of us are struggling so bravely, up to our necks in the miraculous.

The new establishment, appropriately enough, is in Radio City. It is an eleven-story building adjoining the Central Tower. It bears as little resemblance to the small room in Pittsburgh, from which the first broadcast went out on schedule exactly thirteen years ago, as that marvel of its time bore to the stables of the Pony Express. For here is not only a completely organized broadcast system, 1933, but a faintly extravagant projection of broadcasting in 1945. You can go in there and look around and get more than a hint of what the engineers, with their vacuum tubes and dynamos and flashing sparks, propose to do with all the leisure we can ever hope for.

The whole place is prepared—"wired," I believe the term to be—for television. But, first, here is what it looks like:

In all the eleven floors, no windows. On the topmost floor, a huddle of machinery sucks in air from the turbulent atmosphere above Sixth Avenue, washes it clean of dust and motor fumes, moistens it appropriately, warms it or cools it as the season may require, and sends it down through ducts into every cranny where people might want to breathe. The lighting, everywhere, is indirect, unvarying, and very comfortable to the eye.

There were four chief elements which had to be considered when the company set out to build its new establishment: The studios from which programs go out to be broadcast; the electrical machinery which is radio itself; the needs of the public, which likes to come in and see favorite stars at work; and the comfort of the performers themselves.

Begin with the studios. There are to be thirty-five in all when the plant is finished, but at the opening November 15th only sixteen will be in use. That is more than enough, as broadcasting is managed now. The NBC has two New York stations, WEAF and WJZ. Also, it has two national networks, or hookups. Sometimes it happens that programs suitable for New York City, speeches on local politics and matters of that sort, are not interesting to provincial network listeners. Still, even if WEAF and WJZ each broadcasts a separate program, and if separate programs go out on each of the two networks, only four studios can be in operation at one time. Under these circumstances, the ultimate thirty-five studios, even the present sixteen, seemed rather opulent to me until it was explained that rooms are needed for rehearsal and audition, and that different programs require such entirely different settings.

All of the studio rooms, from the largest to the smallest (a playroom setting for children's programs), are boxes within boxes. That is to say, they are suspended cubicles which do not touch the building walls about them. Their floors rest on insulated steel springs. Their walls and roofs are separated from the surrounding structure by thick packings of rock wool, which is a sort of spun glass. This is to make them soundproof and vibration-proof.

Indeed, not only the studios are soundproofed. So, also, are the entrance foyers, the corridors, the dressing-rooms for performers, and even the elevator shafts.

"We found," said my guide, "that singers coming in from the noise of the streets and entering a soundproofed studio couldn't hear themselves sing. Their voices sounded odd, and far off. So we decided to make the whole building soundproof. Now, the singers and speakers and musicians can get used to the deadness of the sound quality in the studio before they have to face the mike."

The larger studio rooms—or take the largest of all as an example for the rest:

It is three stories high. It is one hundred and thirty-two feet long and seventy-eight feet wide. With only a little crowd-

"Sea shells, lady?"

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ing here and there, a three-ring circus could be staged within its walls. A low, broad stage is built into the long wall, and just below it is a platform for a large orchestra. Facing the stage is a broad balcony, with seats for spectators.

Such a room will be used for elaborate productions which take on the nature of a musical comedy, and in general much of its floor space will be occupied by spectators, chairs being brought in for them as needed. The presence of spectators is becoming more and more necessary for performances of this nature, with comics like Ed Wynn and Jack Pearl and Jimmy Durante. For the actors with stage experience have enormous difficulty working into the bleak unresponsiveness of a microphone. They want a crowded room, with applause ready at hand. Consequently, all of the studios which are designed for dramatic or comic entertainment — as contrasted with speakers or musicians working alone— have accommodations for the public.

At one end of the big studio room, a window is set in the wall. Behind its triple panel of glass are lounge chairs and smoking-stands. Here may sit the manufacturing gentlemen and the advertising gentlemen who are paying for the show, or the officials of the broadcasting company. It is, in a very grim sort of way, the critics' perch.

At the other end of the room there are two windows, one at floor level and one eight or ten feet higher. Behind the upper window is the machinery for consolidating all the sound from all the microphones in the studio—"mixing" it, as the term goes, and sending it on to the master control-room on the fifth floor, whence it goes out by wire to the broadcasting towers in the suburbs or to distant cities of the network, where it is broadcast by local stations.

The business of mixing is in the hands of two or three expert fellows. They are able to control sound from the microphones with extraordinary delicacy, and bad discrepancies in voice —a too-loud soprano and a too-gentle basso—can be modulated to sound like a perfectly balanced duet before you and I ever hear it.

THE lower window in the studio wall will not be used for a while yet. It is the eventual site of the television control—when events on the stage out there in the studio room are flung visually through the ether and we, sitting in our easy-chairs at home, see them to the life.

Television has not come around

Style at the Stadium

The Stadium is a severe test for an ulster's smartness. Broad daylight! Many observing eyes! But a Rogers Peet ulster will stand this most critical test.

We have a new designer. His reputation for styling and fit is "the best in the country."

* * *

At Princeton and New Haven Rogers Peet clothes are sold by Douglas MacDaid, Inc., as the only ready-to-wear clothes worthy to be companions of their fine custom clothes.

Allen Solly Socks—England never made a finer product. They fit well, survive many washings and wear — and they are smartness itself. Wool, $2 to $5

ROGERS PEET COMPANY

New York: Broadway at Liberty, Warren, 13th and 35th Streets and Fifth Avenue at 41st Street

Boston: Tremont at Bromfield

Princeton and New Haven: Douglas MacDaid, Inc.

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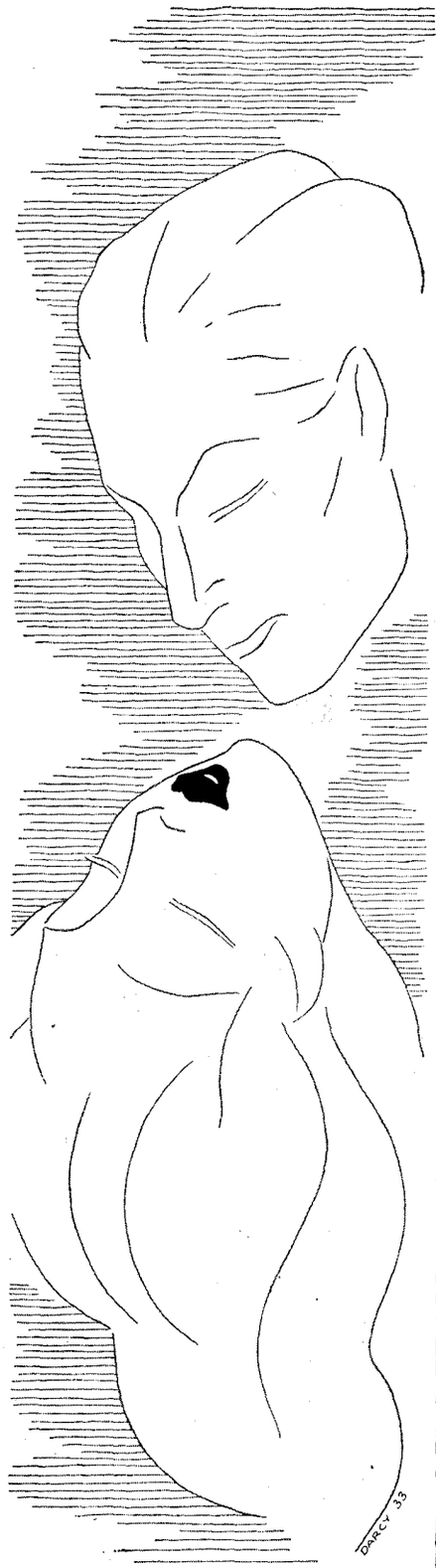

LIPSTICK
BY
GUERLAIN

yet. It remains completely experimental and the radio engineers will not even risk a guess as to when it might become as simple as the broadcasting of sound. But hopes are strong. Every wire in the NBC plant is a double wire: one for sound-broadcasting, now, and the other for television whenever it arrives. That is how confident the engineers feel about it.

Indeed, their belief in the eventual perfection of this new marvel has led them to the building of a special television stage, nothing so huge as the big studio but even more interesting. They call it the Clover Leaf. It consists of a central control-room for the necessary mechanical apparatus and the technicians, surrounded by four stages which are arranged after the fashion of the petals of a clover leaf. Each stage, though small, is a complete unit. The central control-room is cut off from the stages by a circular wall of glass.

The apparatus in the control-room rests upon a revolving floor, so that it may be swung at will to face any of the four stages. Thus a four-act play, for television purposes, could be played out with no intermissions for change of scenery, each of the stages having been set beforehand.

IN addition to the circus-lot studio and the clover-leaf studio, there are others of almost every size and decoration. Four of them, fifty feet by eighty feet and two stories high, will be the chief working stages for the ordinary broadcasting programs of orchestras, quartets, special features of the usual sort. They, too, have room for spectators, and conning windows for the eventual television.

There are several smallish, quietly done rooms for one-man programs and for workmanlike, unspectacular broadcasting such as Amos and Andy prefer. A number of rooms are for rehearsals and auditions. And there are four small studios for people who make speeches. These are not decorated in the sharp and formal modern fashion of the rest of the plant. They are Period—because with dully paneled walls, glowing fireplaces, soft lights and softer carpets, people are not likely to be so nervous. Their whole design is aimed to make speechmakers feel perfectly at home—just sitting at a desk and talking to a friend.

OF course, the very heart of all this establishment is the machinery room. It would be perfectly silly for me to try to explain that room to you, because I don't know anything about it myself. I saw six hundred electricians working on its millions of wires, hurrying it into shape for the opening. I saw a fantastic confusion of shining copper strands, dials and switches and plugs. I gaped, and left.

You can be cynical, and say that this is a hell of a to-do just to permit Kate Smith to sing her Moon Song into a million hearts once a week. You can cite the movies, which have gathered in their studios almost supernatural ingenuity and have never found out what to use it on. But I have a persistent notion that there is more to radio than the Kate Smiths and Singin' Sams, and that we are already getting a hint of what it might be in the future.

It has suffered, this business of broadcasting, from terrific handicaps during the trifling number of years it has existed. First, the receiving sets were bad. (And they are still, because of low sound-wave range, able to pick up only about one-third of the tones that are sent out on the air.) Next, the deadly uncertainty as to the audience—whether anybody at all might be listening—damped the ardor of some performers and sent others into yowls of noise in the urgent desire to capture attention. Then again, the influence of the sponsors, commercial men paying performers to advertise commercial products, held the quality of entertainment very low.

It is still true that the wife of many a corporation president who has bought time on the air considers herself an impresario. She often picks the musical programs and even monkeys with the script in dramatic pieces. But there is a growing necessity on the air to be good. Everybody even remotely connected with the business says that, loudly and plainly. The beginning of wisdom lies in the knowledge that they have not done very much with their opportunities, and most of them are growing wise.

Dramatic sketches have been the weakest of all radio spots. Everybody knows that nobody listens to them (with one or two celebrated exceptions) and that this is because they are not dramatic. They are just a lot of people talking. But now the radio people are setting out to change that state of affairs in the most sensible way that I could think of. They are hunting for real playwrights to write the stuff and real actors to play it.

They have much to argue with, if the playwrights and the actors prove shy. They have, first of all, money. Also,

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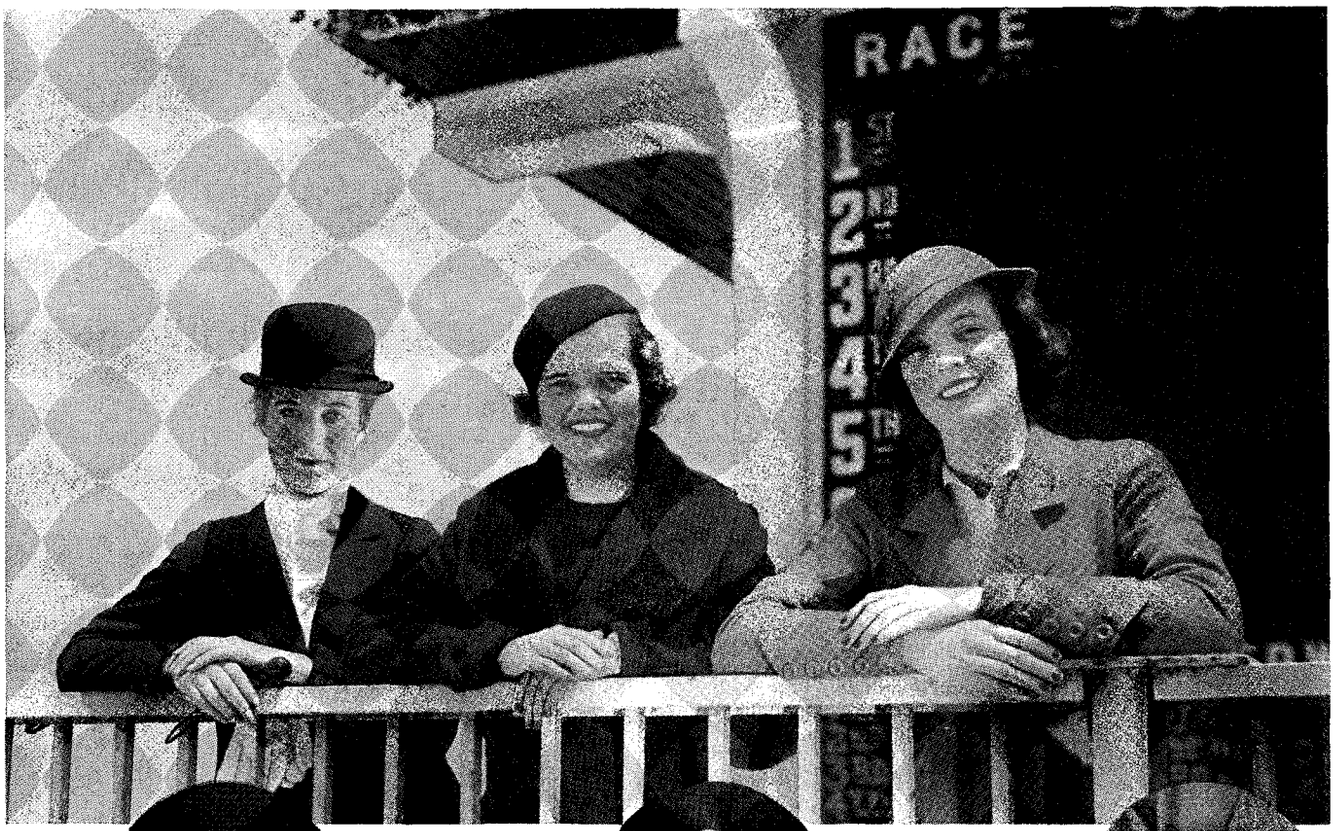
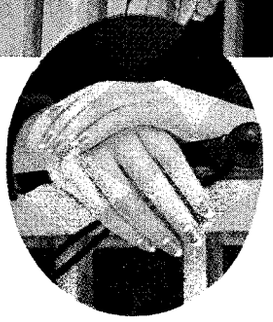
What color nails at the Races?



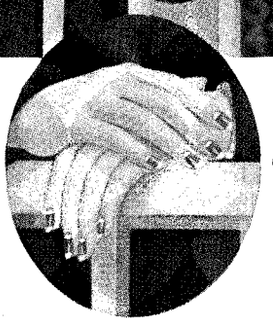
Clothes by Fortnum & Mason



Natural is best with bright frocks—red, green, purple, orange.

Rose is charming with pastel, green, black and brown gowns.

Coral goes with white, pink, beige, gray, blue, brown, green frocks.



Cardinal contrasts with black, white, pastel, gray, beige, blue gowns.

Garnet is smart with brown, black, white, beige, gray, orange frocks.

Ruby (new) is such a real *red* red you can wear it with any costume.

Above, left to right: Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb; Miss Rose O'Neil Winslow; Miss Mimi Richardson

ALL SHADES!

AMONG the racing folk who are following their favorites out to Belmont and Huntington and down to Maryland and Kentucky, there may be some romantic young things who are true forever and ever to one stable's colors.

But when it comes to color in finger nails, they're all devotees of *variety*.

All shades in finger nails are "up"!

With Rose finger nails, Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb looks feminine even in black riding clothes. Miss Rose O'Neil Winslow makes a wonderful showing in Coral nails and emerald green. And Miss Mimi Richardson gives a dashing performance in Ruby nails and a golden-colored English tailored wool suit and cap.

To get the right color for each frock you can follow your hunches, if you like, but if you stick to the system above, you can't lose.

And now—everybody—here's a red-hot tip—for variety in finger nails, don't give yourself the handicap of an inferior polish. Choose Cutex! Cutex never cracks, peels or blotches. Goes on with amazing smoothness and evenness—and *stays* on until you're ready to whisk off one shade and make your entry with the next.

Cutex comes in 7 smart, lovely shades, perfected by the World's Manicure Authority. Every shade's a thoroughbred. Run fleetly to your favorite store and lead home *all* the winning Cutex colors!

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

New Cutex Color Wheel

giving correct shade of polish for every gown—and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish—only 10¢.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 3Y11
191 Hudson Street • New York, N. Y.
(Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10¢ for the new Cutex Color Wheel and generous bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish in the shade I have checked: ☐ Natural ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal ☐ Ruby

_____

_____

CUTEX *Liquid Polish* **only 35¢**

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Are ARCHITECTS assets ?

Curiously enough, this question seldom arises when an important piece of construction is under consideration. But frequently the prospective owner of a more modest home is inclined to wonder whether he can't save money by being his own architect.

He may save the fee he would otherwise have to pay—a relatively small percentage of the total costs. That's the maximum possible saving.

How much less his saving will actually be, he can only estimate by comparing his own skill and technical knowledge of building with the skill and knowledge of the architect he might have employed.

If he has had as much experience in planning, has as well-developed taste, as accurate an understanding of materials, as quick an eye to recognize faulty methods or careless workmanship—in short, if he is, in every way, an expert in all pertaining to the creation of a satisfactory and economical home, then he can save the architect's fee—*minus* whatever his own time is worth.

With this in mind anyone can determine with reasonable accuracy whether or not an architect is an asset or a liability. Just remember this simple formula: If you are as expert as the architect, then he's a liability. . . .

THIS IS ONE OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PREPARED BY THE ARCHITECTS' EMERGENCY COMMITTEE
115 E. 40 ST., N. Y. C.

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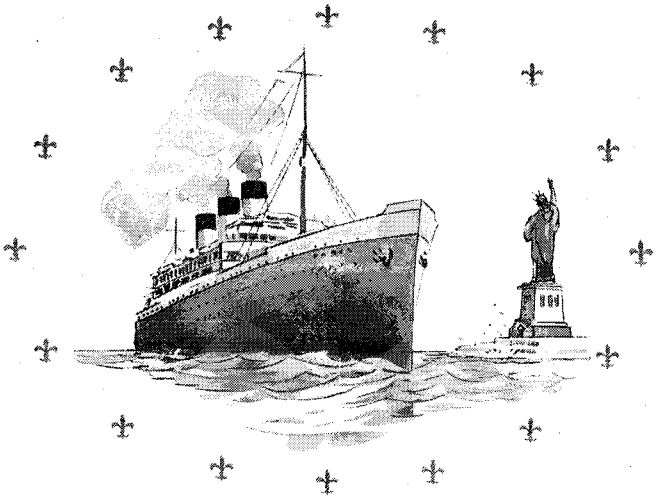
they have improved their microphones so that it is not necessary to bend into the thing, as into a telephone, and speak with cold clarity. Microphones now pick up words and sounds all over a room, and the actors may walk about, play to each other rather than to the end of an electric wire, and really set about learning the new technique. Last, but certainly not least, the radio people can now give to both actors and playwrights a visual audience in the studio, flesh-and-blood people rather than dimly envisioned millions who are constantly drawn from one's priceless art by the ringing of the telephone, the squawks of a hurt child, or the Perkins family suddenly showing up for an evening of bridge.

BUT the wonder of radio is still the wonder that it works at all—that a corporation of businessmen will spend some unconscionable number of millions putting up a thing like the new plant in Radio City, with the full expectation of making it pay. Looking over this extraord[illegible]



FIRST TIME IN AMERICA!

French Style Onion Soup
Comes to your home!

[illegible]erfect night
[illegible] restau-
[illegible]lace?

and grated cheese. Or serve it in every-day soup plates—at lunch, at dinner, at dawn!

Your food store has received the first shipment of this glorious new soup. Try it tonight. Then if you don't think it matches the best onion soup you've waited for at club or restaurant, we'll pay you double your money back! That's how good *we* know it is!

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

If you don't agree that Hormel Onion Soup is the equal of the finest club or restaurant onion soup, we will return twice the price you paid. Write your name, address and criticism on the back of the label and mail to Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE seems to be some designing going on in this town. There has always been a great deal of chichi talk about it, but until recently designers who weren't "inspired" by the French (to the extent of open theft) were determined to create costumes that belonged in gold frames, not in real life. Hawes and Muriel King, our most publicized young American designers, are striding along, being definitely creative and yet smart. When you stop gawping at the decorations in the new Hawes shop at 21 East Sixty-seventh Street, the clothes give evidence of this. The Muriel King ready-to-wear combination wardrobes at Altman are distinguished; in her own shop, at 32 East Sixty-first Street, she does up designs which, when executed, miraculously look on you the way they did on the languorous gals in the pictures. (You will have to take my word for this impossible statement; I can only say that her customers purr.)

AT 443 Park Avenue, in a chaste and beautiful all-white mansion (it even has white sacred-cow rugs scattered on the floor), Maybelle Manning and N. Gibson Clark are conducting a de-luxe madhouse. All the people around seem to love their work —they rush in and out, laughing merrily, and the proprietors risk their lives swallowing mouthfuls of pins in sudden impulses to tell each other anecdotes. It is all very helter-skelter, and the clothes and the hats are *so* good. Miss Manning, chortling to be back at work, has run up some perfect things that will make you forget budgets. A severe navy coat, for instance, has curved lapels above the high, double-breasted closing, and a scarf inside crosses and emerges through slits beneath the lapels. She does a simple black coat with a sensational silver-fox collar that is so expert you are not aware of the intricate seaming through the middle which makes the cut inimitable. There is a bunchy Empire evening dress with gathered panels descending from the high waistline front and back, and a frouf of aigrettes below the tip of each shoulder and a slim black-velvet evening gown that will drive you crazy. The front is high, wide, and bunchy; the back is the nakedest in town. Looks as if the front had been blown against your chest, and might fall off at any moment. As a matter of fact, tiny elastics around the upper arm are there to prevent such a catastrophe. Nerve-racking, and infinitely chic. Over this, you wear a little cape of shredded ribbon (with the effect of Scottie fur), having a velvet collar composed of innumerable loops. These are just a few. Miss Manning has French things, too, including a perfect all-the-time, black-crêpe dress from Rochas, and a Schiaparelli black-wool suit. The jacket is tight and fastened with clips; there is a prim black-velvet yoke and a little turn-over collar edged with wool. N. Gibson Clark (the N. stands for Nate to his fanatic clients, who wouldn't *think* of wearing a hat from anyone else) came bustling in with his most delirious hats — Roosian ones with feather pheasants nestling in nutria, lacquered-crêpe Chinese ones, and Agnès' new brainstorm, which, in black, is like a Mister Bones minstrel-show wig. This place, cross my heart, you would be a fool to miss, even if your money and you are soon parted.

JAY-THORPE's custom salon has some grand clothes designed by their own artists and made up in the sanctity of their own workrooms. There is a cocktail dress there of thin lamé in a gold, dull-orange, and brown print, which is made simple and medium-length so that it doesn't look ridiculous under a day coat. Another, in black, long this time, has monkey fur around the slightly flaring tunic and on the sleeves of the little jacket, which ties about the waist. You'll adore a dull-

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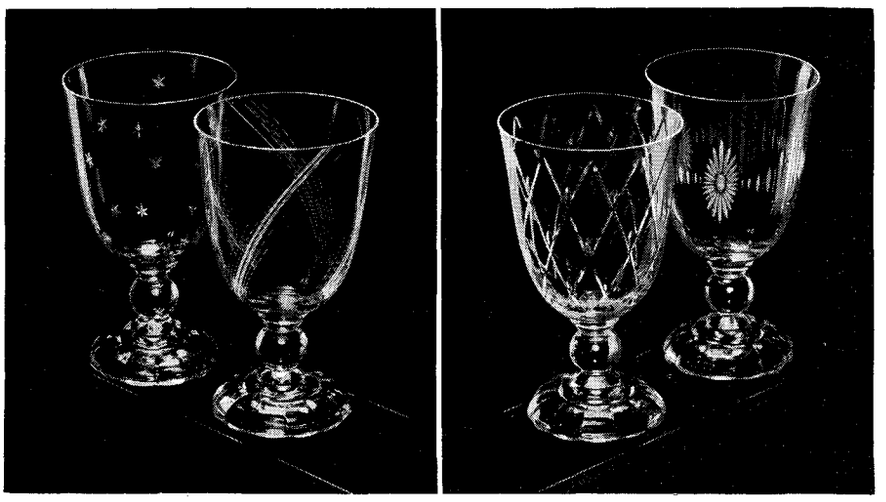
black satin evening dress, crossed irregularly low in back, tied casually here and there, and releasing a sideways fullness that turns into a train. Fringe addicts will want to add to their collection a white evening dress with a six-inch fringe forming the drop-shoulder line. The "V" dip in back is repeated in the band around the hips and at the knees. They have an evening dress of a black ciré lace in a medallion crochet pattern, worn over a black ciré satin slip; another of a new gold lamé that looks as if it were peeling in places—not a poetic description, but the best I can do. And, every once in a while, a mannequin will stroll by in a grand evening wrap. One, of black velvet, has silver-fox heads crossed lovingly on the chest. The skins descend the back to the waist, where they go outward sharply to give the effect of an elbow cape. And black velvet (what, again?) coming up high around the throat, and fastened in a tailored, double-breasted fashion, springs a surprise in huge barrel sleeves of white ermine. And look at the perfectly magnificent teagowns designed on the premises; I can't tell them from evening dresses or wraps. Jay-Thorpe are having fun, too, with some sort of crushed velvet which is washable, made very simply, with crystal beads giving the effect of fagotting through the shoulders.

A NEW entry in the made-to-order field is Ketto, at 121 East Fifty-seventh Street. She shows some French models, and many of her own. Hers have simplicity and chic, and practically all have a dash of drama somewhere that gives them a fascinating-Continental - woman air — legitimate since Ketto herself is a fascinating Continental Russian. To name a few, there is a severe black-crêpe evening dress, curvy through the middle, with a high front décolletage and a wide shoulder-strap business in back; a tiny rose paillette cape and tie go with this. Bunchy ruching descends on a tightly fitted black-taffeta dress from the heart to the floor and surrounds the hem, which descends to trail in back. This is semidemi, with pouf sleeves. She has a wide variety and does not emulate too many of her countrymen in being arty. Day clothes, custom-made, are around $80; evening clothes, $125 and $150.

GAYEST NOTE OF THE WEEK: The Drumstick is to all outward appearances a little red, white, and blue

VICTORIAN

THE LOVELIEST GLASSWARE DESIGN IN YEARS



NATIONAL • METEOR MANHATTAN • EMBASSY

No photograph can do justice to the graceful beauty of Fostoria's new Victorian design. Nor can it capture the diamond-like brilliance of the rock-crystal, the delicate tracery of the hand engraving, or the deep radiance of Fostoria's three charming new colors — Burgundy, Regal Blue and Empire Green. Victorian was created to carry the deeper color tones now so definitely the vogue in household decoration. Look for this loveliest of all glassware designs in the stores . . . and see Fostoria's countless other contributions to the graciousness of the home.

The Victorian line includes stemware for all purposes, service plates, and a full assortment of odd and fancy pieces. Colors are Burgundy, Regal Blue, Empire Green, crystal, and combinations of color and crystal.

FROSTED BASE

Fostoria Glassware

Fostoria MADE IN U.S.A.

THE GLASS OF FASHION

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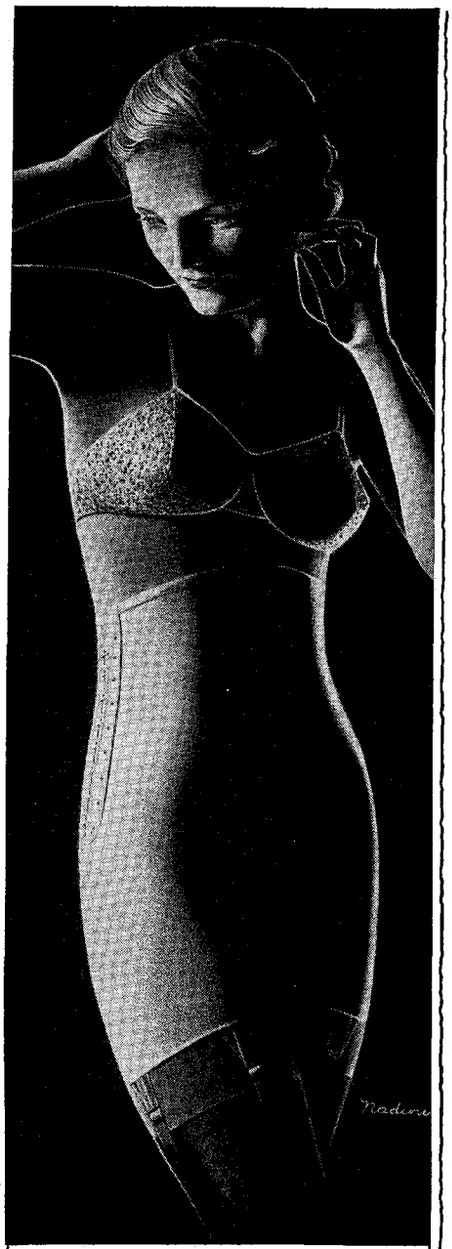


To Give your Figure that **"LADY LOU"** *Look!*

The new sheath-line silhouette calls for an utterly new figure . . . with a nipped-in waist and gently undulating lines, tapering from hips to knees.

Please notice the extra length of this new FLEXEES girdle. It is made of two-way stretch Lastex, with FLEXEES' exclusive Twin-Control which "gives" in just the right places, yet offers firm support.

Model sketched, $7.50. Other FLEXEES combinations, girdles and step-ins from $5 to $15. Available at leading department stores and specialty shops.

FLEXEES
REG
twin control
THE
WORLD'S LOVELIEST
FOUNDATIONS

French drum. The case is not only as *rataplan* as possible but (and I have always thought this was important) the lipstick that lurks within is a knockout. Nice and soft when you put it on, as indelible as possible, and comes in grand colors. It's a dollar at Jay-Thorpe and others, and I don't know how I have lived all these eighty years without it. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Post-Gin Glassware

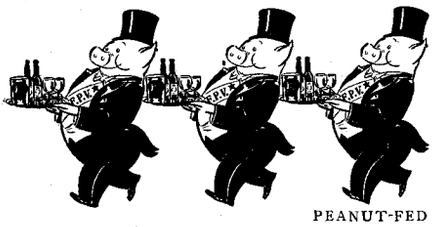
YOU might as well know that the glassware boys are expecting you all to take your Repeal seriously. Anticipating an early rush by this ignorant generation to become little ladies and gentlemen of the old drinking school in three easy lessons, they have been scurrying about compiling data, digging into old files, and brushing up generally on drinking etiquette against the time when you will be besieging them with your eager questions about when not to serve champagne in hollow-stemmed glasses.

So far, I am all mixed up, and more than a little inclined to wish the Democratic Party had simply kept quiet about the whole thing and left us in peace with our Martinis and Sidecars and the simple things of life. We were getting along all right. As it is now, you might as well start getting used to the idea that before the New Year is upon us, Sauterne will have ceased to be the answer to any old dinner-wine problem that happens to crop up. Chablis is for oysters; and none of your serving it in flutes, either. Are we barbarians, in this America?

In the last few days I have looked and looked at glassware — beautiful glassware, all cut up into patterns with lofty inspiration behind them, such as the sea and the sky and all the nobler works of nature. The good old days of enameling a couple of high-hatted drunks on the side of a highball glass are gone, and while it's good riddance from the standpoint of art, still the prospect of a nation approaching its dinner drinking with so much undiluted reverence is a little dreary and frightening. I got to the point of thinking they have the right idea down at Plummer—William H. Plummer & Company, 7 East Thirty-fifth Street —where the table drinking equipment is more or less confined to plain, un-

Smithfield Snacks

—F. P. V.'s *gift to beer drinkers*



PEANUT-FED

● Read it and drool!

Amber Brand Deviled Smithfield Ham spread on crackers and crunched with beer!

That's the Smithfield Snack — made from F. P. V.'s, peanut-fed in ole Virginny — the snackiest thing in canapes of the day.

It's positively enormous the hand it gets when served with beer or cocktails. Just set one of those nifty little jars and some crackers before your guests, and watch them dig into it.

Sold at better grocery and delicatessen stores — sublime for sandwiches, canapes or salads — a flavor enchantment for any one of a thousand recipes. Write for recipe booklet. The Smithfield Ham and Products Co., Inc., Smithfield, Va.

Amber Brand DEVILED
Smithfield Ham
★ F. P. V. *(first pigs of Virginia)*

Private Dancing Lessons

Michele and Belmonte of the Schlaet Studios

This Studio assures the fashionable Mrs. X. of becoming a wisp of thistledown. It disengages débutantes (and their escorts) from the once popular strangle-hold of the foxtrot and waltz. Encourages the Man About Town with a rumba that is truly elegant, yet simple. And teaches the shy wall-flower a tango that gives her instantaneous popularity. If you don't believe it come in and see. Or telephone Circle 7-5181.

Schlaet Studios, 66 W. 55 St.

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adorned crystal, with just a bit of fine cutting around the stems. The shapes, of which there must be a cool hundred, are something lovely; you get the full effect of the wine's color and sparkle through the clear sides, you are not awed by too much magnificence into spilling your drink in your lap, and Plummer won't sell you a crème-de-menthe glass when what you really want is a brandy pony. They know better.

For all that, I am moved to remark that Libbey's new Royal Fern pattern, with tall fronds etched in the grand manner upon flaring bowls, is a handsome business. Wanamaker has it. If you like pattern in your glassware and are firm in your belief that fine wines are for drinking and not for worshipping with the eyes, look at this one, and at Fostoria's new star-spangled glasses (Altman). I ought to be good and tired of stars by this time, I suppose, but the sales resistance continues to collapse whenever they are hauled out before me, whether they're in glass or chenille rugs.

WITH considerable surprise, I learned the other day that the fine, big, healthy potted plants you see in people's houses around town are not natives of the great city at all. It seems supplying your household with plant life of the worth-while sort is not merely a matter of running around the corner to the neighborhood florist and picking up what he has on hand, which usually isn't much anyway. You have to go on excursions to get really good things. Brown & Jordan, in Palisades, Rockland County, just off the Hudson River Highway, have a small and homey greenhouse in which it's fun to wander about. Here you can get Christmas cactus and the more exotic begonias not carried by city florists, and, later in the year, the less usual colors in cineraria, primrose, and tulips. There's an old-fashioned rambling greenhouse in Bedford Hills, name forgotten, but the only one in the town, that yields unusual plants if you poke around. Over in Jersey, where greenhouses grow in clusters, W. A. Manda, in South Orange, is one of the best. Bobbink & Atkins, in Rutherford, are another. In places like these, you can go right up to anybody in sight and ask for Vitis rhombifolia and he will know right away what you are talking about.

Vitis rhombifolia, by the way, is a good thing to ask for if you like vines;

HOW OLD IS ANNE?

The question, casually asked, poised itself in midair.

"Why, Anne's at least ten years younger than any of us."

"No, she really isn't. She went to school with me."

"Then how does Anne..."

(*Enter Anne herself, young, radiant, poised.*)

"How does Anne what?"

"How do you do it, Anne? Keep young, I mean?"

"Well, as a matter of fact,

I go regularly to Elizabeth Arden's Salon

"I went there first to get my skin in condition and to reduce. Now I have the "Arden habit" and I go whenever I am tired or bored. It keeps me looking well and feeling marvelous."

"But just what do you do?"

"I have the various Arden face treatments. If I need a quick pick-me-up I have the Debutante Treatment. It takes only half an hour and sends you out looking as you always hoped you might! Then there is the new Ardena Treatment in which they use that exciting new salve; and, of course, her famous Muscle-Strapping Skin-Toning Treatment which makes your skin like silk; and others..."

"How about your figure?"

"Elizabeth Arden has a way with figures, too!

She will take off inches or pounds where they need to be taken off. She will fill you out if you are too thin. In fact, if you want to wear your clothes like a debutante, go to Elizabeth Arden. She performs miracles on figures. And it's all great fun. But why don't you call up Miss Arden's Directress of Exercise, Plaza 3-5847, and find out all about it?"

ELIZABETH ARDEN

691 Fifth Avenue · New York City

LONDON PARIS BERLIN ROME TORONTO

© Elizabeth Arden, 1933

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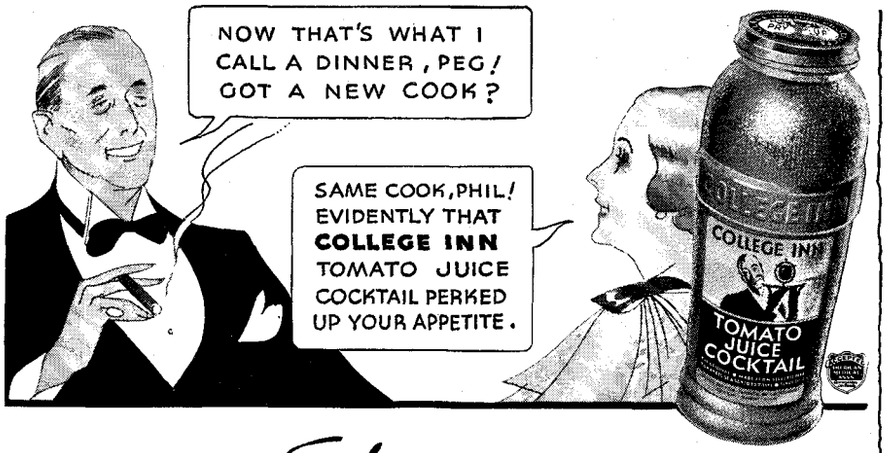
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A DINNER, PEG! GOT A NEW COOK?
SAME COOK, PHIL! EVIDENTLY THAT COLLEGE INN TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL PERKED UP YOUR APPETITE.
COLLEGE INN
TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

PUTS AN *Edge* ON APPETITES

If you'd like to have your husband and men guests acclaim your dinners, put a keen edge on their appetites with College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Made by Pierre, noted Parisian chef, it contains rare seasonings that actually *create* a desire for food!

Men also "go" for College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail because of the extra-rich tomato juice used exclusively in its making. *Never* is it thin and watery like so many imitations.

Remember: there is no substitute for College Inn—the original tomato juice cocktail. Try a bottle tonight.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

College Inn THE *Original* TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

See ALL *of the*

MEDITERRANEAN

"The World's Greatest Travel System" sponsors a complete cruise of the Mediterranean. 25 ports, 21 countries, 3 continents. See the cradle of civilization . . . give yourself up to the sheer joy of living . . . on a great liner noted for its wealth of space, its gleaming Pompeiian swimming pool, its distinguished service and cuisine. 11th successful year.

$595 UP (All First Class) . . . ship cruise only. Rooms with bath, from $905. Buy shore excursions as you please and pay as you go. Standard programme of **20** excursions, $330.

Get deck plans, itinerary from Canadian Pacific . . . New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Montreal and 27 other cities in U. S. and Canada . . . OR FROM YOUR LOCAL TRAVEL AGENT.

FROM NEW YORK JAN. 30

25 PORTS 69 DAYS EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA

CANADIAN PACIFIC

people who have no luck at all with ivy often get more results than they really want with the Vitis, which grows all over the place once it gets started. It's a species of grape, but you are in for a disappointment if you take it up with fruit-growing in mind, because it doesn't bear anything but an abundance of dark and glossy leaves which will trail or climb, according to the way you bring them up.

Philodendron is another good vine for discouraged ivy-fanciers. It comes in over a hundred varieties, with differences in leaf size and color. You can spend days trying to pick a favorite; or you can take the nurseryman's advice and get the Philodendron cordatum, which responds to amateur care and will grow almost in spite of you, a bowl of water satisfying it as well as a pot in most cases.

I don't know why the Mme. Récamier geranium should have been kept a secret from me all my life. It's white, and therefore perfect for nine out of every ten rooms you run across in the course of a week's dropping-in on people. But you have to go to an out-of-town greenhouse to see one.

A certain amount of fuss is being made right now about a funny-looking plant called Euphorbia splendens, or Crown of Thorns. Any good nurseryman will tell you no house-plant collection is complete without one, and all because it grows straight up in the air—instead of spreading out like other plants—with a leaf here and there on the tall, thick stem and murderous spikes sticking out all around, a menace to life and limb. Somewhere near the top a red blossom shoots off sideways. I don't know why anyone would want it around, but a lot get sold, so that's that. Maybe it's amusing.

A LOT of people in this cold northland, including me, never get to hear about the old Southern custom of saving a half-dozen seeds out of a breakfast grapefruit, sticking them in a pot, and letting nature take its course. Not all of them will germinate, but those that do produce a big broth of a plant with a fibrous stem (after all, it's a tree) and glossy leaves of a rich, dark green. Given plenty of water, the thing will practically grow as you watch it, reaching a height of two feet or so in a couple of years. The story goes that in the South a family would as soon be without a dear old mammy who refuses her salary when Father goes broke as without its grapefruit plant in the window.

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This one is positively the last horticultural note for today: A friend who likes to snoop around in funny places got into Central Park one Sunday afternoon a while ago, and what did she find there but a specimen flower garden on a hillside somewhere between the Eighty-first Street entrance (West) and the Swedish cottage, that black building where they used to have exhibits of tree surgery and things. In charge of this garden is a gardener who is grand about answering questions and lending a helping hand with plant problems. People even bring around thin, sick house plants for his diagnosis and suggestions. A Southern gentleman has one of those grapefruit plants over there right now, for treatment. The entire family visits it on Sundays.

This is something I haven't investigated myself, you understand; but the source is reliable.

IN THE MEANTIME: Cellophane-fanciers will be happy to learn that they are now making solid-color and printed fabrics out of the stuff by backing it with gauze; by the yard, at Macy. The woven things will wash; the printed ones have to be cleaned. Some of it, one deep yellow in particular, looks like chain mail, very exciting. McCutcheon has made up some sample curtains, and Lord & Taylor will have it on chairs and lampshades, so you can see what it looks like in use. . . . Dixie Mix, a ready-to-bake fruit cake, is fun. You add an egg and some coffee or wine, stick it in the oven in the tin it comes in, and feel like a Big Girl. . . . A new sensation for canapés: Meras, a tiny red and tangy fish that looks decorative on toast, melts on the tongue, and leaves a salty taste behind it, just enough to arouse a pleasant thirst. —B. B.

CHRISTMAS JEER

CHRISTMAS lists are here again, though it seems like only yesterday that we were thankfully celebrating, in sanitariums, the termination of last year's itemizing. As we sullenly face a repetition of this slavery, we find ourselves again reminding you that we are artists, not a shopping bureau; that we cannot be in the office (except in spirit) and the shoppes at the same time, and therefore will not answer the phone; and that it is wise to save your back copies if you have the faintest idea of using them to make your last-minute shopping rush give the effect of months

Fashion Decrees:
THE "SCRUBBED-LIKE-A-BABY" COMPLEXION . . .

. . . and of course your soap must be the best

THEY are fomenting a revolution . . . these ravishing youngsters. One that is destined to restore the dynasty of SOAP. By day they revel in sun, wind, rain or sleet. And after dark out on the dance floor they float without benefit of rouge or make-up . . . scrubbed like babies . . . faces shining like the dawn.

Ask for their complexion formula and these young rebels will tell you: nothing but water and plenty of scrubbing, the wash cloth generously lathered with Roger & Gallet Soap.

With Roger & Gallet Soap you have the satisfaction of knowing that your skin is getting superlative care. For Roger & Gallet's contains only the very highest quality ingredients . . . the purest, edible fats which are kneaded and re-kneaded into soap of the smoothest and finest texture.

35¢ a cake

Seven delightful scents

Violette • *Carnation* • *Sandalwood*
Feu Follet • *Fleurs d'Amour*
Le Jade • *Pavots d'Argent*

Try Roger & Gallet Soap today. It won't be long before you too will discover that nothing else is needed to keep your skin smooth, clear and vibrant with life. At all the better shops, drug and department stores.

ROGER & GALLET
TOILET SOAP
NRA

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7 Good Reasons

WHY THERE IS ONLY ONE WAMSUTTA

❶ *Finest*—Smoothest *of Cottons*

Wamsutta has just the right "balanced" construction that gives the longest wear. Its deliciously smooth fabric takes a beautiful finish that actually grows smoother with laundering.

❷ *It is Lighter*—but *Stronger*

By the use of stronger and finer yarns made from extra long-staple cotton, skilled Wamsutta weavers produce a very closely-woven fabric that is not only light but exceptionally strong.

❸ *Wamsutta Lasts Longer*

In an absolutely impartial test, equivalent to six years' laundering, Wamsutta proved to be stronger than twenty-four other well-known brands of sheets.

❹ *It Costs Less to Launder*

A Wamsutta 90 x 108 sheet weighs nearly half a pound less than an ordinary sheet of the same size, a difference that makes a real saving on laundry bills.

❺ *Has Wider Tape Selvedge*

The tape woven on the edge of every Wamsutta sheet is twice the width of the ordinary selvedge. This prevents tearing, in making the bed, and "whipping out" on the clothesline.

❻ *Wamsutta Wrinkles Less*

Wamsutta does not absorb dampness from the air. It is not so easily rumpled as other sheeting fabrics, and does not get so wrinkled and creased overnight.

❼ *Wamsutta Offers More Styles*

Wamsutta styles include all sizes of plain white sheets and a wide selection of the newest pastel shades, both in solid colors and colored hems. More elaborate styles with single, double, and triple rows of the finest hemstitching are especially recommended for appliqué monograms and embroidered initials.

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

NRA

WAMSUTTA MILLS
New Bedford — *Founded 1846* — Massachusetts

of planning. Hold onto your hats, girls, here we go again!

This week, we deal with:

Christmas cards, below
Stationery, page 50
The personal touch, page 52

CHRISTMAS CARDS

ANNUALLY, we have to go through the stern motions of cautioning our eager readers that exclusive and lovely Christmas cards must be ordered early in the season (which is now) before the hands of the mob have pawed them over and, with an unerring taste the public is never credited with, snagged all the best ones. By the end of November, only the dregs are left. So hurry. We need hardly tell you that even prosperous artists, who haven't painted a lampshade in years, delight in picking up a little speakeasy money by making you an original design, and that the Japan Paper Company, 109 East Thirty-first Street, has an assortment of special papers that will make your mouth water. If this is too much of a strain on you, we offer a lightning coverage of some places, some well-known and others not so well-known, that will give you credit for originality:

The National Alliance of Art and Industry, always a standby for special orders, is moving this year, so samples are not yet on view; however, they are bound to be good, as usual. On Monday, you can see for yourselves at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Abercrombie & Fitch have some very fine small unsigned etchings by Roland Clark and Bert Cobb (the plate goes to the customer so that no one else can get at *that* design). Mr. Cobb will even do a portrait of your dog if you like, and manages to get past the fur to the character.

Of course, all the jewelers and stationers and the better department stores make up very nice conservative cards from photographs, in monotone or colors—the view of your house from the southwest terrace with the delphiniums banked behind the swimming pool, or snow on the cinerarias with a Georgian mansion in the background. Everything formal and conservative, though there are signs that a *soupçon* of liberalism is breaking the ice at some of the jewelers.

Besides some new cards in this early-spring spirit, Tiffany has agreeable formal designs to be used with your monogram. Look at the card with a formalized tree in gold, green, and

A DIADEM MAKES DEMANDS

on the head it adorns. Tresses must be superbly cared for, sleek and exquisite. *Ivan*—with his years in Continental capitals—knows how to make *formal* coiffures look *young* and *flattering*. For a wave that fits in with the mode of elegance, 'phone CIrcle 7-5860.

Ivan INC.

Specialist in Permanent Waving and in the Newest Manicure Modes

714 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

FOR FINE LUGGAGE

Oshkosh 34th Street Shop

OSHKOSH TRUNKS, INC., 10 EAST 34th STREET

FASHION ACADEMY

COSTUME DESIGN • STYLING
FOR TRADE, SCREEN & STAGE
Specialized training under
EMIL ALVIN HARTMAN
America's foremost style instructor & authority
Personal analysis of each student's requirements
Booklet 10 • 16 EAST 52nd ST. at FIFTH AVE.
New York • PLaza 3-1844-5 • Paris

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blue, with a monogram in the same colors. Marcus has good cards for men, and a particularly suave die-maker for formal work. Cartier has French cards you haven't seen before; Udall & Ballou specialize in the formal kind; Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham have a wide assortment of all jeweler types—even, believe it or not, some humorous ones.

For funny ones that are very special, you can't beat the Baur woodcuts that are shown at Gerard, 48 East Forty-eighth Street. He has other good ones, too.

The *Metropolitan Museum* has a new series of reproductions of prints from its collections. Very cultured and reserved, but having a grandeur that we like. The Museum itself likes the Caldecott prints, and so will you—if you go in for the Merrie-England-Pickwick type. We prefer the buttoned-boot-pelisse atmosphere of the Winslow Homer park scenes.

We are perennially enthusiastic about the offerings of Cassegrain of Paris, at 665 Fifth Avenue, which has as good a collection of cards as you can find in New York. Possibly in Paris, where they originated, they are not sensational, but they are grand here. You have to order most of them four to six weeks in advance. (N.B.: Look for the old-ship etchings, you nautical folk.)

Other places that have cards out of the ordinary are: Putnam, cards by NEW YORKER artists (complete with verses by one O. Nash).... The Frankl Galleries, amusing ones with donkeys carting something on their backs they swear is the Christ Child.... The Eastern Sea, 17 West Eighth Street, half a dozen prints in the Japanese manner that make your fingers twitch to feel them. . . . Mitteldorfer Straus, 245 Fifth Avenue, reproductions of French posting prints (you'll love this place, particularly if you haven't been there before).... The Channel Bookshop, 283 Park Avenue, with a new card bearing a packet of English seeds as part of the design.... The Liveright Bookshop, 15 West Fifty-first Street,

THAT'S A VERY ATTRACTIVE CONTAINER YOU HAVE THERE . . . WHAT'S IT USED FOR?
THIS IS ONE OF THOSE NEW PERFUME CONTAINERS TO CARRY IN THE PURSE. THEY'RE NON-LEAKABLE, EASY TO KEEP FILLED AND ALWAYS READY TO USE. I REALLY WOULDN'T WANT TO BE WITHOUT ONE ANYMORE.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

OPEN

CLOSED

An Exceptional Offer

to the Modern Miss and Mrs.

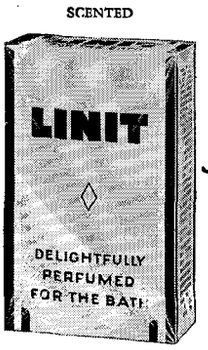
Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the coupon below

A QUICK WAY to have a smooth, silky skin

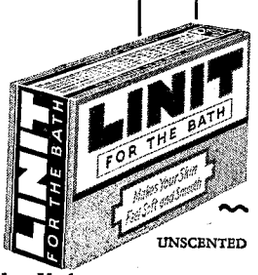
Swish half a package or more of LINIT in your bath water and then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath. You will be pleasantly surprised how nice and soft your skin feels afterwards. A LINIT Beauty Bath produces *immediate* results in the texture of your skin. Why not try a LINIT Bath today?

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocers, druggists and department stores... Unscented LINIT is sold only at your grocers.

SCENTED



The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin



UNSCENTED

This offer good in U. S. A. only and expires Nov. 15, 1933

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.,
Dept. N-11, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York

Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose $.....and.....LINIT package tops

☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Ivory

Name.....*City*.....

Address.....*State*.....

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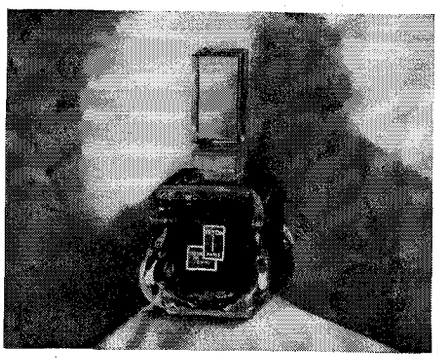

The Odeur Exquisite

COEUR DE FEMME

(Heart of Woman)

So many American visitors to Paris have been captivated by this entrancing perfume that we are obliged to bring it to America. COEUR DE FEMME, the same haunting fragrance in the same ultrasmart containers, is now to be had at the toilet goods counters of the better stores.

A Creation of

MYON

PARIS

Also makers of the famous perfumes

3 PASSIONS and 1000 JOIES

Available in the ultrasmart art bottles or the new crystal flacons; also in the introductory purse-size.

"JEWEL," the new LIPSTICK by Myon —in three lovely shades, remarkably indelible and permanent—in an exquisitely enameled Jewel case.

MYON—PARIS...724 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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Rock Island

It's cheaper this season the Golden State way—rail and Pullman charges greatly reduced December first.

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De luxe

Golden State LIMITED

No Extra Fare

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ARIZONA · CALIFORNIA

A Thousand Sunny Miles Through Winter's Most Colorful Playground

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Quickest by many hours Chicago to Phoenix. Only through service to El Paso-Juarez, Tucson, Chandler, Palm Springs and Agua Caliente. Direct low altitude route—through sleeping cars to San Diego-Coronado, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Only 61 hours Chicago to California.

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ROCK ISLAND

THE ROAD OF UNUSUAL SERVICE

and the Block Print Press, 137 East Twenty-fifth Street, block prints to order from photographs. . . . Signorina Eugenia, 544 Madison Avenue, Florentine cards. . . . The Beacon Bookshop, 43 East Forty-fifth Street, which has something that is new on the Atlantic Seaboard—New Mexican Indian designs.

Dennison has an enormous choice of cards, mostly domestic, but including the Savory-Dennison British cards, always great favorites with the carriage trade. Brentano has an equally large collection, including a great many imported breeds. Scribner, Dutton, Himebaugh & Browne; William Streeter, 841 Madison Avenue; the Washington Square Bookshop, 27 West Eighth Street, and many others have good collections, some of them offering special etchings or woodcuts, and most of them ready to help you in some personal way. Edwin S. Gorham, 18 West Forty-fifth Street, specializes in religious cards.

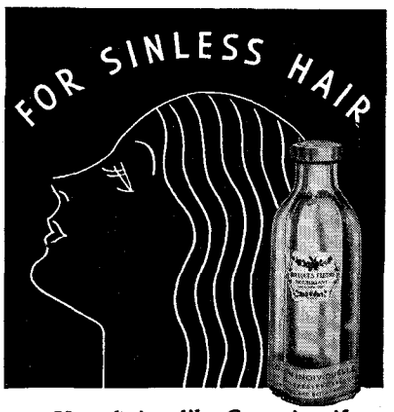
Dempsey & Carroll are still the impeccable, the authentic, and the correct, and do beautiful work on special orders if your taste is not extreme.

Altman, Bloomingdale, Lord & Taylor, Stern, and Wanamaker have a sumptuous array, but watch those duplications. All do nice photographic work.

If you want the candy-cake type of card that will make your friends like to die, try the Italian stationers, such as Martignone, 157 Bleecker Street, or the Librería Gómez, on Seventh Avenue between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets, where they are awaiting some tasty cards from Spain. You can't imagine what splendid things they can do with magenta ribbon and a few orange aspidistras.

STATIONERY, PLAYING CARDS, ET AL.

THE trends in this field are more than conservative. The bordered French papers with cut-out or illuminated monograms still make the best notepaper for women. The cut-out monogram in gold or silver, with a color, is way in the lead. It is medium-sized, smaller than the French, and can be placed wheresoever one listeth, which is usually in the upper left-



Your hair—like Caesar's wife—must be above suspicion—without hint of stale tobacco fumes or that persistent *bête noire,* perspiration odor. Let your hairdresser apply fragrant *Houbigant Lotion Individuelle!*

Choice of 15 famous odeurs—50c an application.

HOUBIGANT

LOTION INDIVIDUELLE

HER DIARY
Met Ann after the game on Saturday. She looked stunning in green tweeds and a pair of Shoecraft ghillies like mine.
$12.50

expert mail service—send for folder N 3

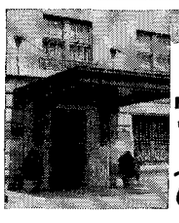
SHOECRAFT

714 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

between 55th and 56th streets

FITTING THE NARROW FOOT

SIZES TO 11, WIDTHS AAAAA TO C



YOUR TOWN HOME *for the winter*

● Endorsed by guests who have made it their permanent home, The Berkshire offers suites at most attractive rates . . . Service and cuisine unsurpassed . . . Rooms sunny, cheerful and spacious.

Martin Sweeny, Manager

THE Berkshire

21 EAST 52ND ST. COR. MADISON AVE.

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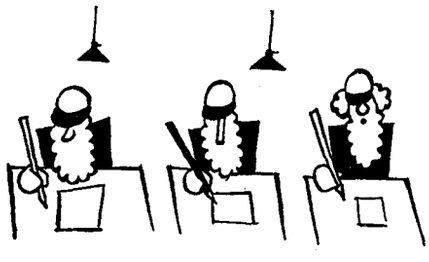
hand corner. Most of the bordered papers are imported, because of some complicated international arrangement which decrees that the best papers should be American, the best borders foreign. Tiffany has a great number of domestic papers, prepared especially for themselves, and have worked out an adroit way of tying up the border or band (either across the top or down one side or both) with the monogram, so that the finished product looks as if it had been designed in one piece, and very chic, too.

A man's paper must be plain, letter-size, white vellum, with a block or simple address. This may be the "family" type, but it is safest. If the man is insistent on being individual, it is permissible to have his name or initials in block letters. Cartier, a pioneer if ever there was one, is featuring an open French script address on white vellum as the latest mode for the man-about-town.

Putnam gives you a three-letter cut-out monogram hand-engraved on a quire of their best imported or domestic paper for $9.75. And though most of the leading jewelers and stationers recommend a medium-size monogram, Himebaugh & Browne have turned revolutionary and are favoring tiny initials. Marcus has lots of initials with enamel backgrounds. You know now, of course, that if Marcus does a thing, for whatever reason, it is smart.

The playing-card situation is fraught with boredom. There is very little demand for expensive cards, since people now want to buy cheap ones and throw them away after they've been used. All the department stores, however, can provide the de-luxe type if you ask nicely. Abercrombie & Fitch are bragging about a process by which your prize pig, penthouse, or friend can be immortalized on playing cards if you provide a suitable photograph, which will thereupon be reproduced on a gold or silver ground. Altman claims to have cards a shade narrower than most (for dainty fingertips, you Amazons); they are done in four colors, and monogrammed on the back. Bloomingdale likes its Jumbo cards, which are the regulation size but have gigantic numerals.



around the clock

and around the block

with Ry-Krisp

8:05 a.m.—Breakfast at the Joneses, and heaps of Ry-Krisp come and *go!* Big Joe has six at least—with his eggs and coffee—while little Joe slips several in his pocket to allay the pangs of hunger on his way to school.

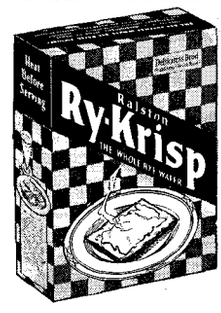
1 p.m.—Georgia Allen—clever girl—has planned a luncheon all her club can eat—regardless of their silhouettes. "Such Salad," they rapturously exclaim. "And Ry-Krisp—how thoughtful of you dear. I do adore Ry-Krisp—and it's *so* good for one's figure."

3:35 p.m.—Brings the Davis twins a-dashing straight to the pantry shelf where Mama keeps the Ry-Krisp! Little the husky darlings know that these tempting wafers are one secret of their extra-splendid health!

5 p.m.—Is TEAtime at the Mason's—but beverages appear in silver pots and silver shakers, too. So the Mason's cook prepares spreads, both tart and sweet—anchovy and sardellen butter—"paté" and certain pungent cheeses—honey, marmalade and jam—to go on toasted Ry-Krisp Wafers—dozens and dozens of them because the Mason's guests *do* like the Mason's food.

Hear
SYLVIA of HOLLYWOOD
NBC Red Network
Coast to Coast
Tuesdays,
10:30 p. m., E. S. T.

Foremost authority on the care of the feminine figure will help you attain youthful loveliness. Hear how to get her Personal Consultation Chart — and 32-page booklet of diets and exercises — FREE!



7 p.m.—Is Dinner for the Blakes, who *always* dress, and Supper for the Jimmy Bensons, who enjoy it just as much. They've *one* thing in common, tho'. Be it mealtime, or menu — they demand Ry-Krisp — because these whole rye wafers taste so good.

12 p.m.—And the larder's being raided by the Joneses and the Allens. "Here's the Ry-Krisp!" cry the girls. "Here's some cheese and here's some tongue. Get four mugs, Bill — and we're all set."

Dear Reader: From this perhaps you've gathered that *everyone likes* Ry-Krisp. Quite true—they do! You see, these crunchy wafers are simply flaked whole rye, water and salt, double baked. They taste grand—they *help* your figure instead of hurting it—and if you're sensitive to wheat, milk or eggs—rejoice—Ry-Krisp is absolutely safe.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Your grocer has Ry-Krisp in red and white checkerboard packages. Why not order some—*right now?*

RALSTON PURINA COMPANY
632 Checkerboard Square St. Louis, Mo.

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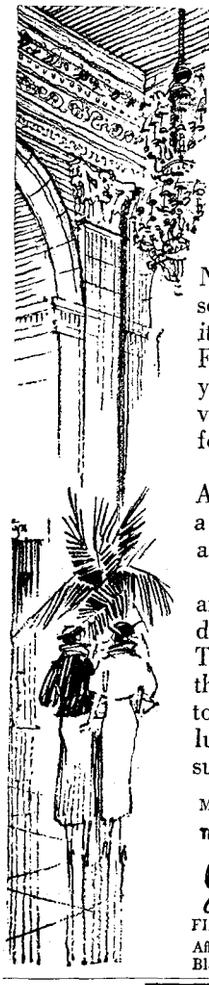


Deserving Its Popularity

No hotel is more deserving of its popularity than The Gotham. Famous for many years as the rendezvous of fashionable folk.

The gorgeous Fifth Avenue restaurant is a source of appetizing and delightful food.

The Gotham Grill, an authentic reproduction of a Swiss Tap Room, attracts those who are accustomed to the finest for luncheon, dinner or supper. Rates from $4

Max A. Haering, Res. Mgr.

THE *Gotham*
NEW YORK
FIFTH AVE. Corner 55th ST.
Affiliated with the Drake and Blackstone Hotels in Chicago

It's READY!

New, large 64-page
F. A. O. SCHWARZ
XMAS CATALOG

UNUSUAL
TOYS

SEND FOR YOUR COPY

Next to visiting the famous Schwarz Toy Shop on Fifth Ave. is this new SCHWARZ Toy Catalog. It solves the problem of what to give. Sixty-four pages packed with unusual toys, books and games at prices that set a precedent in value. The coupon below brings it to you postpaid.

F. A. O. SCHWARZ,
Dept. N, 745 Fifth Ave.
(AT 58th STREET),
NEW YORK

Gentlemen: Your catalog at once, please.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

Cassegrain, that paragon among men, goes Mr. B. one better by presenting the most fascinating French cards, with enchanting French designs, without any numerals at all.

Flash! . . . Lord & Taylor have Soglow's Little King on cards, for those Little King maniacs.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

INTIMATE gifts, particularly those involving made-to-order apparel, are undeniably risky, unless your friendship with the recipient (and your knowledge of the address of said recipient's favorite tailor, lingerie woman, or whatever) is so firm that the danger of conflicting tastes is all but eliminated. Even the snootiest custom lingerie shops worry, and prefer to send a model pantie or nightgown to the doorstep on Christmas morning, with a note inviting the happy recipient to come in and have a fitting for a similar one. Where men's things are concerned, women should patronize the tailor or shirtmaker who is in possession of their man's measurements and can guide her honestly in his type of taste. Similarly, having anything monogrammed always seemed to us a touch selfish, since it does not allow your dear friends the privilege of exchange. With which cautious and conservative counsel, we now barge recklessly into a few scattered tips that may be of guidance:

FOR MEN

AT least two weeks should be allowed the makers of custom shirts, pajamas, and dressing-gowns to fill orders, especially if the things are to be monogrammed. As we have said before, it is well to sacrifice the idea of surprise unless you know the name of your friend's shirtmaker. If you haven't his own monogram design, the smart shops will guide you expertly. In handkerchiefs, it is well to avoid cut-out initials (though on mufflers for evening wear, they are permissible) and stick to small, simple letters.

At McLaughlin, 697 Fifth Avenue, you'll find shirts with bosoms and cuffs of corded, instead of pleated, linen for $14.50, and hand-blocked French linens for from $12.50 up. You can order tobacco pouches, either in zipper or fold-over versions, in the same French handmade lustrous silk used in McLaughlin's ties. These are $4.50. . . . Sulka, at 512 Fifth Avenue, in addition to a notable collection of corded silks and embroidered linen shirts and brocaded silk pajamas, love to make host suits. These are of fine

DOROTHY PARKER

has written a new volume of short stories and sketches.

A few of the sketches have appeared in The New Yorker.

The Viking Press
$2.25

AFTER SUCH PLEASURES

For rent at Scarborough

Fine modern stone house designed by Bertram Goodhue. Beautifully furnished—splendid views of Hudson—living room, library, dining room, pantry, kitchen, four master bedrooms, three baths, three servant's rooms and bath. Two minutes' walk from Scarborough Station and from Scarborough School.

Rent $150. per month until June 1st and extremely moderate for longer term.

•

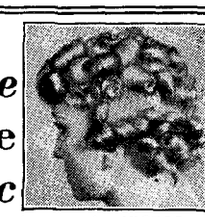
$50. per month

A charming clapboard house within a few minutes' walk of the Scarborough Station—living room with woodburning fireplace, dining room, kitchen, three bedrooms, and bath—hedged garden—views of the Hudson.

A larger brick house available at $65. per month.

F. A. Vanderlip, Jr.
Bowling Green 9-5496
52 Wall Street
or
H. J. Slaker
Ossining 678

The Coiffure Dramatic



created with marked elegance by VICTOR—hairdresser of exquisite artistry.

AMBASSADOR
BEAUTY SALON

Ambassador Hotel—New York
Park Avenue at 51st—Wickersham 2-6652

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Intelligent Young Women

LIVE

Intelligently!

Success depends, to a large extent, on your physical comfort, recreations and mental stimulation after business hours.

Barbizon young women are alive...eager to achieve—because they associate with people active in business and professional life...artists...musicians...dramatists...writers...people capable of valuable and charming friendships.

Be one of them! Learn the dollar-and-cents value of RIGHT ENVIRONMENT!

FROM **$10.00** UP, WEEKLY
FROM **$ 2.00** UP, DAILY
Rooms at $12.00 Weekly Now Available
Write for The Barbizon Booklet "C"

The Barbizon

New York's Most Exclusive Residence for Young Women
LEXINGTON AVENUE at 63rd STREET
NEW YORK CITY

The STANHOPE

THE STANHOPE

995 FIFTH AVE

A New Discovery in Values

A Fifth Avenue Address, Large Rooms, Flawless Service, Plus Elegance and Refinement at these prices:

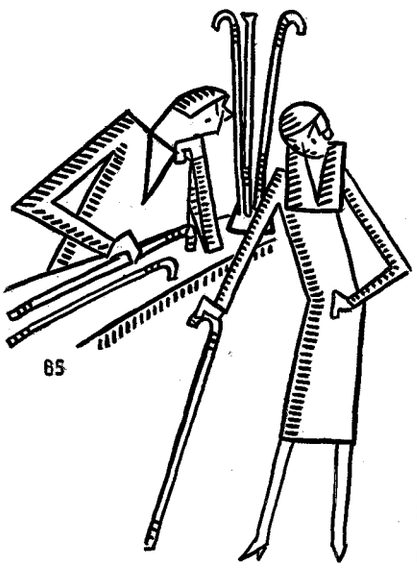
The one room suites range from $80 monthly
The two room suites from $160 monthly
Larger suites proportionately

Transient visits or yearly leases
Cuisine *par excellence*
Table d'hote menu, permitting a la carte selection

J. J. WILKINSON, *Resident Manager*
BUtterfield 8-5800

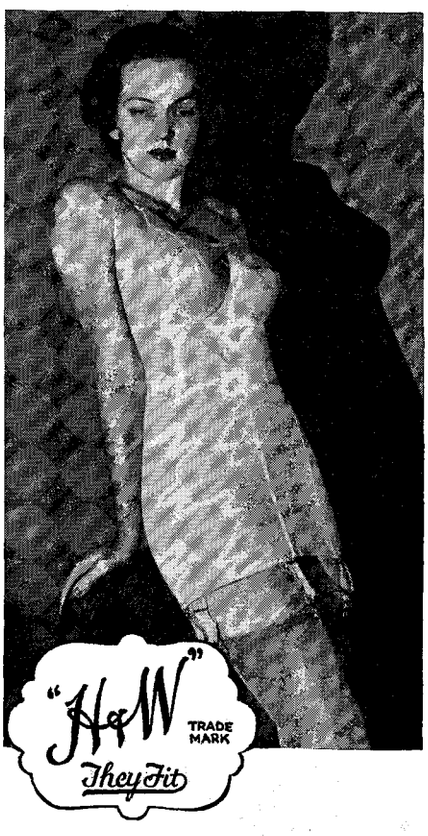
flannel in maroon, green, or blue, and cost $135. . . . You can't order a dressing-gown from Japan in time for Christmas, but Yamatoya, 783 Fifth Avenue, has attractive ones in stripes or in plain colors with stenciled designs, and handsome brocaded silk pajamas. Custom shirts, the specialty of the house, are $6 up. . . . Dudley Eldridge, 5 East Fifty-second Street, has an unusually large selection of English madras, poplin, and oxford shirts (from $8) and Spitalfields silk ties, made to order, for $4. . . . Budd has reopened at 590 Fifth Avenue with the same sort of haberdashery that made this house a standby for years. Custom shirts of linen and silk start at $10.50. . . . Charles Dillon and three associates, formerly with Kaskel & Kaskel, have a shop at 16 East Fifty-fourth Street where shirts are made for from $6.50 up. And we liked especially their French terry-cloth robes, made to measure for $30. . . . Basil Durant, 16 East Fifty-second Street, has some new velvets, in dark hunter's green, deep blue, and dark rust, which he is making into dressing-gown-house-coat arrangements. They are cut just like an ordinary coat through the shoulders, have shawl collars, are knee-length, and tie with a sash; $150. He also likes making dressing-gowns with a scarf inside the closing to fold across the Adam's apple.

And we need hardly tell you that Brooks; Charvet et Fils, 18 East Fifty-third Street; Doyle & Black, 45 West Forty-sixth Street; Albert Leonard George, 608 Madison Avenue; Keep, 5 East Forty-fourth Street; and McCrory, 36 West Forty-sixth Street, have a wide range of materials and patterns to choose from for shirts, pajamas, and dressing-gowns. So, also,



Make your figure a series of

DANGEROUS CURVES



This season's styles provide the excuse to make the most of your figure, and to help you successfully accomplish this, we have the most subtle figure-emphasizer you've ever seen. Cleverly, if a bit daringly, fashioned of batiste and lace with pointed (!) uplift bust. There are very pliable sections of knit elastic and concealed bones front and back which feel like nothing at all but which nevertheless do a job. Sizes 32 to 44. Style F5392, priced at

$5

Others at $7.50 and $10

ON SALE AT

Bloomingdale's — Gimbel's
Franklin Simon & Co. — Lord & Taylor
Blackton Shops
L. Bamberger & Co. (Newark)
Kresge Dept. Store (Newark)

—AND ALL BETTER CORSET DEPARTMENTS AND SHOPS THROUGHOUT THE U. S.

There's an "H & W" Foundation for Every Figure

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gay deceivers—these new Fall Florsheims! So fashionable that they sometimes look frivolous—yet actually they're most considerate of your feet. The secret lies in their correct designing and the exclusive Feeture Arch. Style—The Duval in black suede.

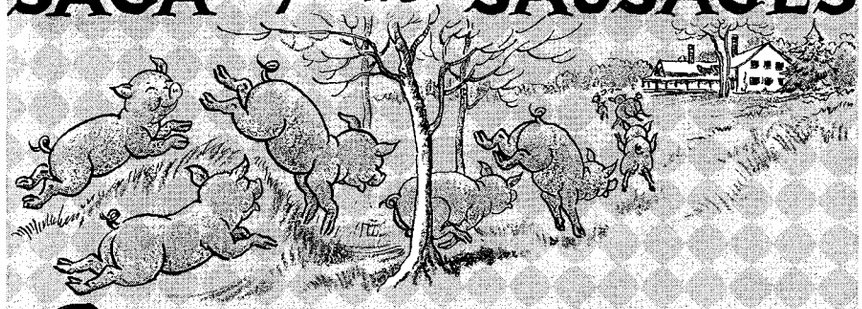
$8.50 to $10.50 and up

FLORSHEIM *Shoe Shops for Women*

501 FIFTH AVENUE
Opposite the Library

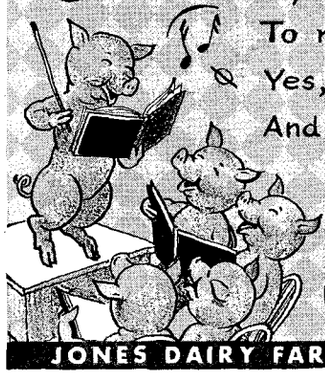
36 EAST 59th STREET
at Madison Avenue

SAGA of the SAUSAGES



Over the hills and through the woods the little piggies race,
They're on the way to market, and they set a dizzy pace.
Around the turn is Joneses, the place where the best pigs go
To make those little sausages, the ones we all love so.

Chorus: O, most little pigs go to market
To rest their weary bones.
Yes, most little pigs go to market
And the best little pigs go to Jones.



JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

Made from the choice cuts of young Wisconsin porkers and home ground pure spices . . . nothing else. Shipped Fresh from the Farm to Jones DEALERS EVERYWHERE

JONES DAIRY FARM FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

have De Pinna, Rogers Peet, Saks-Fifth Avenue, and Tripler.

FOR WOMEN

RANDOM notes, collected hither and yon: The most de-luxe, though far from the most original, gift to send the loved one is still a set of fine, feminine linen handkerchiefs with elaborate monograms embroidered in France or Switzerland. Orders must be given at once (and by "at once" we mean "at once") for Christmas delivery, and any good specialty shop or large Fifth Avenue store of the calibre of Bonwit Teller and Saks-Fifth Avenue will make the arrangements for you. Bonwit Teller, in addition, has got hold of a French designer here in New York who will execute monograms in a week's time. The designs should be elaborate, graceful, only slightly modern, and la-de-da, and it is well to note that the experts think a one-initial monogram can be smart if it is exquisitely done. For this type of handwork, all-white monograms are considered by far the most chic this year.

Altman and McCutcheon are much interested in a new monogramming process, called Parfex, for shirts, lingerie, robes, scarves, neckwear, and handkerchiefs. It sounds too awful, but the results look very dandy. The letters are of fabric—flannel for men's robes, linen for handkerchiefs, and so on—and are backed up by some mysterious chemical; after you have applied heat and pressure to them, they are vulcanized into the garment and won't rub, scrape, or fall off. The whole business takes but a few moments. You can put monograms this way on something you received last year and send it to somebody else with every appearance of having given it that thoughtful added touch.

The specialty shops' newest fanfare is about huge, swirling initials of lamé on chiffon handkerchiefs of evening size; another new trick is the same type of monogram in panne velvet. Satin monograms still rate high (and are more satisfactory, we think) on chiffon or satin evening handkerchiefs.

The Monocraft method is the current wow for monogramming bracelets, compacts, belt buckles, buttons, and the like; thin silver, gold, or copper letters can be applied in an instant. (Altman is particularly fond of it.) A turn-of-the-century note that is creeping into the handbag field is an insidious demand for script monograms or letters. Still, big metal letters and mono-

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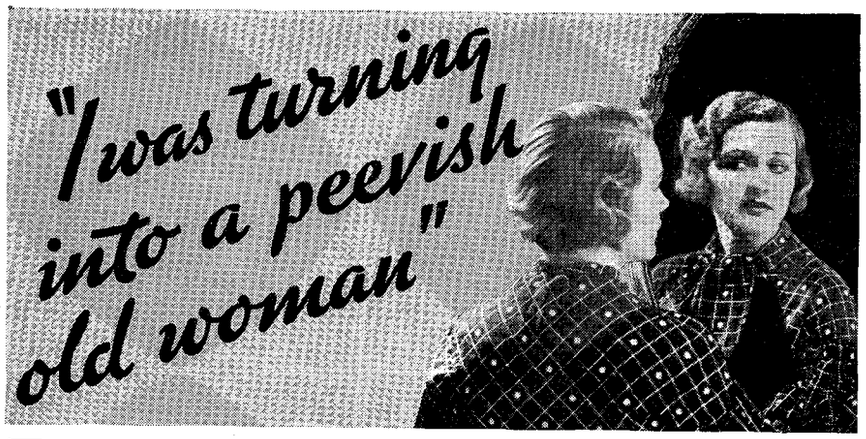
grams in gold, silver, copper, or their imitators, made very matter-of-fact, without so much as a slant, remain popular. There are some small block letters in two-toned gilt—called "shell-on-gilt"—which can be applied quickly on the hard surface of any bag, and removed without spoiling the surface. Block initials of mirror are also very gay for handbags. Best likes mirror initials so much they have them made up into jewelry, and very attractive it is, too. And if you order a fine antelope bag and demand a marcasite monogram, you are always on the safest possible ground.

FOR THE HOUSE

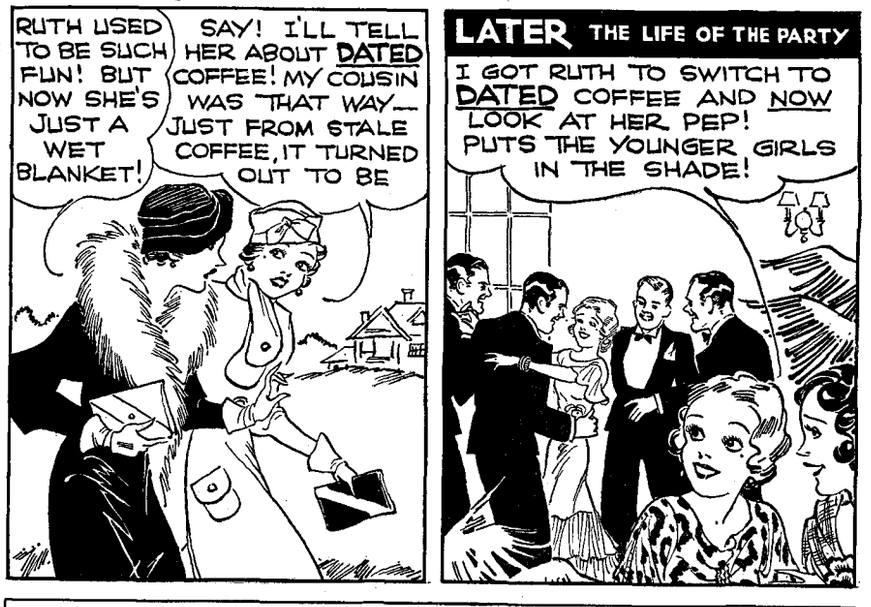
YOU dillydalliers should know that it is already too late to have linens of the trousseau order monogrammed in Europe in time for Christmas, but the local talent, granted that you scurry to place your orders, can do magnificently by you. The best linen houses have imported artists with a thorough European training, so it would be captious of you indeed to insist at this point on having your linens cross the Atlantic anyway.

The necessity of smiling when a thing is called rococo has gone, and now there is a definite revival of interest in elaborately scrolled monograms. The Grande Maison de Blanc, the consistent darlings, are still unsurpassed at this type of thing. They can take any set of initials in the world and swirl them around so masterfully that the owners of the initials will be astounded. They also do neat and simple machine work. Don't sneer (we did at first, for machine embroidery has up to now been relegated to the bathroom alone); it's all done individually, and so well that a magnifying glass won't give it away. Arkra embroidery, they call it, and no average cotton sheet would be ashamed to be seen with it in public. It can be done in a week's time, as against a month for handwork of the same order. While you turn this idea over in your mind, remember that the Grande Maison (540 Fifth Avenue, as if you didn't know!) wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole if it weren't pretty good.

Mosse, the beloved of young moderns, is doing something handsome with colored bed linen. They have one sheet in a new color you will want to munch—a deep and beautiful apricot. The hem is white, and they recommend a white monogram. They like dark, bright colors (for informal use, of course) in bridge cloths, bath towels,



BRIDGE? SORRY, HELEN— I JUST COULDN'T GET DRESSED AND GET OVER THERE —.
WE'RE GOING OVER TO THE SMITH'S TONIGHT— WHY DON'T YOU COME, TOO?
NOT I! I HATE STAYING UP LATE AND I CAN'T STAND THE SMITHS ANYWAY


RUTH USED TO BE SUCH FUN! BUT NOW SHE'S JUST A WET BLANKET!
SAY! I'LL TELL HER ABOUT DATED COFFEE! MY COUSIN WAS THAT WAY— JUST FROM STALE COFFEE, IT TURNED OUT TO BE
LATER THE LIFE OF THE PARTY
I GOT RUTH TO SWITCH TO DATED COFFEE AND NOW LOOK AT HER PEP! PUTS THE YOUNGER GIRLS IN THE SHADE!

How's YOUR disposition? *Beware of Stale Coffee!*

IF you feel peevish, let-down—too tired to enjoy life as you used to—look to your coffee.

Fresh coffee stimulates. Makes you keener to do things. But *stale* coffee contains rancid oil. And stale coffee, science says, often causes indigestion, depression, headaches, "nerves."

To banish the danger of stale coffee, Chase & Sanborn give you *Dated* Coffee. The actual date of delivery on every pound—and no can allowed on your grocer's shelf more than 10 days. No doubt of its freshness—you *know* it's fresh.

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THE Plaza NEW YORK

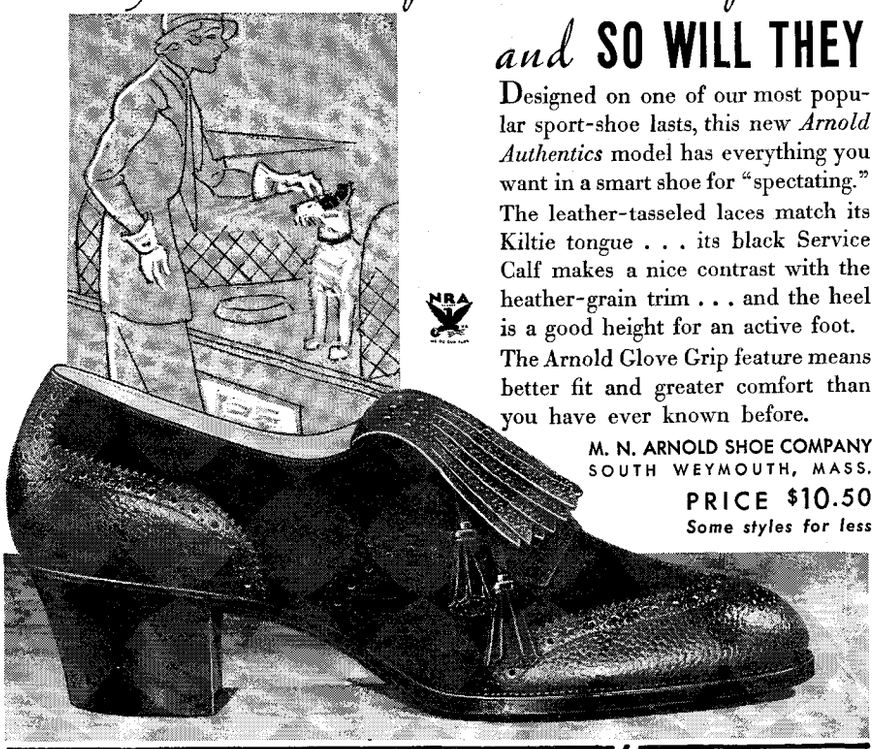
FACING CENTRAL PARK

INHERITING A WEALTH OF TRADITIONS . . . .
The Plaza of today maintains its position as New York's leading hotel. Always modern, it affords the utmost in excellent service. Spacious suites of various sizes are available for winter occupancy at attractive rentals. Single rooms from $5.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director John D. Owen, Manager

THE PLAZA • FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE

You'll know you are smartly shod and SO WILL THEY



Designed on one of our most popular sport-shoe lasts, this new *Arnold Authentics* model has everything you want in a smart shoe for "spectating." The leather-tasseled laces match its Kiltie tongue . . . its black Service Calf makes a nice contrast with the heather-grain trim . . . and the heel is a good height for an active foot. The Arnold Glove Grip feature means better fit and greater comfort than you have ever known before.

M. N. ARNOLD SHOE COMPANY
SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

PRICE $10.50
Some styles for less

ARNOLD *authentics*

and so on. Those in dark blue, emerald, brown, and deep, rich reds are what you want to look for. Let them make suggestions on the monogramming; they are full of ideas, all of them good. They'll take orders until a week before Christmas for this type of thing at 750 Fifth Avenue.

If you continue to love pastels for the bathroom (and you needn't be ashamed for a second), Ascher, Inc., at 444 Madison Avenue, can do especially well by you, since modern monograms are a specialty of the house. Au Bain, the bath shop at 751 Madison Avenue, is skilful about such color subtleties as rose-beige monograms on turquoise towels. In the bedspread-and-blanket field, Hazel Kolman, 509 Madison Avenue, does severe and tailored spreads with a huge block monogram embroidered on a net medallion plunk in the middle of everything; and Carlin Comforts, 536 Madison, do tasteful work with embroidered initials on fine blankets, with covers and spreads to match.

Don't, for heaven's sake, forget glassware, either. Trick cocktail glasses and mugs with funny pictures on them are already déclassé all over town, on account of people feel the glasses should be worthy of what will be poured into them ere the snow flies. The table glasses for dinner wines at shops like William H. Plummer, 7 East Thirty-fifth Street; Gilman Collamore, 15 East Fifty-sixth, and the like, will do your sentimental heart good. Wares of this type are worth the effort of getting monograms, but you must look into the matter immediately or you will be the loser.

Warning: We'd stay away from shaded and blended and more-than-two-color monograms, even for trifles of the moment like bath towels and bridge cloths. You see them everywhere, but look over the one-color kind before you give in; the latter have a large-sized edge on the fancier type. Monogrammed bath bottles and hampers, we are told, are on the decline.

•

RYE. Rent, August, choice cottage, suitable two. Brook, Garden, Sound. Near bus. Quiet, cool. Mole.—*Adv. in the Saturday Review of Literature.*

Friendly one?

•

FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

[*From an article by Alice Hughes in the World-Telegram*]

"Entrez," he said in French.

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FOOTBALL

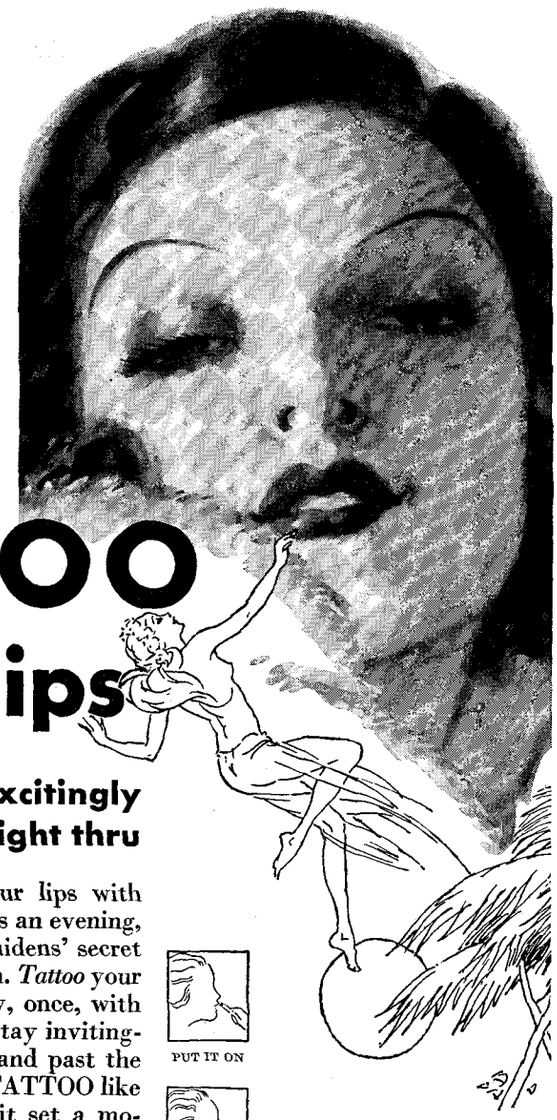
Ten Against Eleven — No. 12 — The Pre-Depression Spirit

IT would have to be a very bold person, one indifferent to the sensitiveness of others as well as to his own safety, but it wouldn't be surprising to hear someone hum, to an all-too-familiar tune, "Who's afraid of the Big Bad Three?" Certainly Yale, Harvard, and Princeton weren't impressive last week. Yale was beaten, Harvard was tied, and Princeton was held to a single touchdown by Washington & Lee.

Princeton is still undefeated, and Harvard is at least fair, but Yale was definitely bad against West Point. Yale's assets were limited to a running attack, and even that moved only against the cadets' second team. The passing and the defence against passing were pitiful. Most glaring of Yale's weaknesses, however, was its attempt to play ten men against eleven when it had possession of the ball. This was accomplished by the use of a floating back, who floated all the way out of the play. He was supposed to move outward a step or two before the ball was snapped and then smash the West Point end, but time after time he was still floating as Kopcsak or Burlingame dashed by him and into Yale's backfield.

Yale's inability to cope with forward-passing was apparent in the Brown game the previous Saturday. West Point took advantage of this knowledge and disdainfully passed down the middle against a box defence. Theoretically, it can't be done, but West Point could do almost anything with Yale last week. It was an exhibition that should give Dartmouth some measure of hope. No Dartmouth team has defeated Yale in all the years the two colleges have been playing each other, but if the Yale team plays against Dartmouth the way it played against West Point, anything might happen this Saturday afternoon.

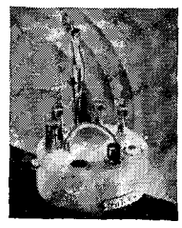
WEST POINT has a most surprising team this fall. With a new coach in Lieutenant Garrison Davidson, and new men in all but three positions, the cadets appear to have one of the best elevens they have turned out in the past



TATTOO your lips

to keep them excitingly red the whole night thru

Instead of coating your lips with paste a half dozen times an evening, steal the South Sea maidens' secret of helping out the Moon. *Tattoo* your lips! *Stain* them evenly, once, with TATTOO and they'll stay invitingly, *excitingly* red thru and past the witching hour. Apply TATTOO like ordinary lipstick. Let it set a moment or two—then wipe it off. Your lips will be *evenly*, *lastingly* and *transparently* stained . . . tattooed . . . with the most luscious color you have ever seen. And it won't dry your lips. Positively not. It's the *modern* lip color. It will *actually* keep your lips soft . . . interesting . . . youthfully caressing. Yes, actually! Four startling shades. And, at the TATTOO color selector display in your favorite department or drug store you can try all four shades on your own skin to determine the color that suits you best. TATTOO is $1.



PUT IT ON

LET IT SET

RUB IT OFF

ONLY THE COLOR STAYS

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is correctly called "NATURAL."

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."

TATTOO, CHICAGO

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TATTOO

THE NEW *transparent* COLOR FOR LIPS

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OPENS FRIDAY NOV. 3
CHARLES JOURNAL'S
MONTMARTRE
ROCKY TWINS
Tel. CI. 7-1199
205 W. 50th St.
N. Y. C.
CHAS. READER ORCHESTRA
LOUISE HENRY — ERNEST CHARLES

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
50th St. & 8th Ave.
1883 NATIONAL 1933
HORSE SHOW
GOLDEN JUBILEE
Wed. Mat., Nov. 8 thru Tues. Eve., Nov. 14
JUMPING EVERY PERFORMANCE
INT'L MILITARY JUMPING CONTESTS NIGHTLY
2 Performances Daily, 2 & 8 P.M. Week Days
SUNDAY GALA NIGHT (Seats 55c to $1.10) 8 P.M.
Int'l Military Sweepstakes—Squadron A—
N. Y. State Troopers—N. Y. Mounted Police—
Mounted Basketball—Brewery Horses, etc.
Week Day Prices—Eve. 55c to $2.75
Aft. $1.10 to $1.65
SEATS NOW—Garden Box Office

TOWN HALL
Sunday Afternoon, Nov. 5 at 3
John Charles
Thomas
CARROLL HOLLISTER, Accompanist
Tickets at box office (Steinway Piano)
Mgt. CHAS. L. WAGNER, Inc., 511 5th Av.

TOWN HALL, SUN. EVE., at 8:30, NOV. 5TH
Gabrilowitsch
Chopin and Schumann Program
Tickets $1.10 to $2.20 NOW at Box Office
Mgt. Metropolitan Musical Bureau (Steinway)

FORREST THEATRE, West 49th St.
SUN. EVE. at 8:45, NOV. 5TH
AMERICAN DEBUT
SERGE LIFAR
and his RUSSIAN BALLETS in
"L'Après Midi d'un Faune," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and others.
Under the direction of F. C. Coppicus
Tickets $4.40, 3.30, 2.20, 1.10 at Box Office
(Tel. CH. 4-7070)
Management: Metropolitan Musical Bureau, Inc.

CARNEGIE HALL NOV. 12 SUN. EVE. at 8:45
HEIFETZ
JUDSON Mgt. (Steinway Piano)

A Distinguished Cast including
MADY CHRISTIANS
The International Star in
DIVINE DRUDGE
By VICKI BAUM and JOHN GOLDEN
ROYALE THEATRE, W. 45 St. CH. 4-0144
Evgs. 8:50. Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

decade. Undefeated so far, and with victories over Illinois and Yale, the Point may go through the season winning every game. The three major opponents it still has to face are Notre Dame, Harvard, and Navy; and they haven't scared anybody so far.

Cadet Jack Buckler is wearing the familiar No. 12 on his jersey. Some institutions eliminate the numbers worn by their most famous players. At Illinois, for instance, no one has worn a 77 since Red Grange left; at N.Y.U., the No. 1 jersey hasn't been given to a player since Al Lassman had it; at Michigan, Benny Oosterbaan was the last to wear No. 42. But at West Point, No. 12 goes to the outstanding ground-gainer. Harry Wilson wore it, then Red Cagle, next Ray Stecker, and now Buckler has it.

THERE was a touch of the pre-depression spirit between the halves of the Army-Yale game when a West Point alumnus wandered out on the field and staged an erratic one-man parade. It wasn't so long ago that the field always was occupied between halves by the most enthusiastic of the spectators, playing impromptu games, teetering along the chalk lines, or trying to wrestle the band-leader, but of late there have been few such whimsical exhibitions. The gay West Point graduate was promptly escorted to the sidelines by a pair of policemen, thus spoiling his attempt to jump over the goalposts from midfield.

THINGS we are sorry we didn't see: Dartmouth's last-minute touchdown that tied Harvard. (Harvard is now working on a plan to eliminate the last minute of Dartmouth games.) . . . The phantom tackle of Captain Fid Murray of Annapolis. He intercepted a Pennsylvania lateral, ran to their five-yard line, and for no reason at all fell down. . . . The Fordham-Alabama duel. Observers reported that the fifty-yard line was completely obliterated as the two teams struggled back and forth across it all afternoon. . . . Andy Kerr's face while Colgate, unbeaten, untied for two seasons, was held scoreless by Lafayette.—R. V. M.

•

If France should leave the gold standard, taking the remaining gold countries along, either a sharp rise or a sharp decrease in the world price of gold is forecast by experts here.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Give us an expert and we'll take a mile.

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS
EUGENE O'NEILL'S comedy
AH, WILDERNESS!
with GEORGE M. COHAN
Guild Thea. 52d St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:20 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:20
MOLIERE'S COMEDY WITH MUSIC
The SCHOOL for HUSBANDS
with OSGOOD PERKINS and JUNE WALKER
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'WAY and 40th ST.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

SAM H. HARRIS' 2 SMASH HITS!
MARILYN MILLER CLIFTON WEBB HELEN BRODERICK
in a new musical revue
"AS THOUSANDS CHEER"
By IRVING BERLIN & MOSS HART
with ETHEL WATERS
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"LET 'EM EAT CAKE"
A Sequel to "Of Thee I Sing"
with
WILLIAM GAXTON LOIS MORAN VICTOR MOORE
IMPERIAL THEA., W. 45 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

A Jed Harris Production
"THE GREEN BAY TREE"
by Mordaunt Shairp
CORT THEATRE
West 48 St. Eves. at 8:35
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

"Of all the straight plays to date here is far and away the jolliest and best."
Gabriel, American
COURTNEY BURR presents
"SAILOR, BEWARE!"
THE UPROARIOUS NAVAL COMEDY
by Kenyon Nicholson & Charles Robinson
LYCEUM Thea. West 45 St. Eves. 8:40 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40
Special Election Day Mat., Nov. 7th

MAX GORDON presents
ROLAND YOUNG LAURA HOPE CREWS in
"HER MASTER'S VOICE"
A New Comedy by CLARE KUMMER
PLYMOUTH THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

"SEASON'S FIRST HIT"—Journal
"SEASON'S FIRST THRILL"—News
DOUBLE DOOR
"Exciting Melodrama."—Post
RITZ Thea. W. 48 St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"The PURSUIT of HAPPINESS"
"A smart and bawdy satire . . .
A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."
—Percy Hammond, Herald Trib.
AVON Theatre, 45 St. W. of B'way. CHi. 4-7860
Eves. 8:45. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. at 2:30
All Eves. $1 to $2.75. Matinees 75c to $2

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Tresses of 20
FOR
Ladies of 40

Prevalent prejudice against hair dyes only adds to the appreciation of Frances Fagan Tonic for Gray Hair.

This remarkable *long tested* secret formula stimulates dormant color glands thus gradually, naturally restoring original color and lustre to gray and faded hair.

Easy to use. One colorless liquid renews any shade . . . No streaking. Shampoo and sun your hair all you want.

Good for men as well as women

Priced at $2.00 the bottle containing 12 to 14 home treatments. Ask at your favorite store . . . or write to 1141 North Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Frances Fagan
TONIC FOR *GRAY* HAIR

Loew's Leads in New York!

LEXINGTON
LEXINGTON AVE. AT 51ST STREET
At Both Theatres
Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon., Nov. 3, 4, 5, 6

72nd STREET
72ND STREET & 3RD AVENUE

JEAN HARLOW
LEE TRACY in "THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL"
2—BIG FEATURES—2
Tues., Wed., Thurs., Nov. 7, 8, 9
Edw. G. Robinson—Kay Francis in "I LOVED A WOMAN"
"TO THE LAST MAN" Randolph Scott—Esther Ralston

ZIEGFELD
54TH STREET AND 6TH AVENUE
Fri., Sat., Sun., Nov. 3, 4, 5

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
in "TORCH SINGER"
Mon., Tues., Nov. 6, 7
Edw. G. Robinson—Kay Francis in "I LOVED A WOMAN"
Wed., Thurs., Nov. 8, 9
"TO THE LAST MAN" Randolph Scott—Esther Ralston

3rd WEEK!

RENE CLAIR'S

Successor to "Sous les Toits de Paris"

"JULY 14"

("14 Juillet")

with Annabella of "Le Million" and Pola Illery

Little CARNEGIE 57th Street, E. of 7th Ave. Cir. 7-1294

RADIO CITY

1st Mezz. Reserved Phone Co. 5-6565 MUSIC HALL Direction "Roxy"

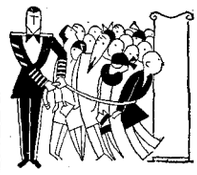
CONSTANCE BENNETT
in "AFTER TONIGHT"
with GILBERT ROLAND

plus a colorful "Roxy" stage show

SHOW PLACE OF THE NATION

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ming and Murder



PERSONALLY, I think moviegoers may consider themselves reasonably lucky if there happens to be a fair-to-middling mystery film around the corner when they are in the mood for pictures. Hollywood generally handles this sort of thing pretty well, working up at least a few jolts for the worn-out nervous system and contriving some degree of mystification for the noble mind. The new Van Dine affair will do well enough in an emergency of this kind. It's got its points. Most of these Van Dine stories have turned out brightly on the screen, possibly because no scenario can be weighed down by that discourse on the fine arts which Philo Vance ladles out to those who read him. William Powell, too, looks the part agreeably, and is just fancy enough to awe us a bit without driving us crazy into the bargain.

There are some very smart little Scotties in "The Kennel Murder Case," this newest Vance offering, and a very handsome Doberman Pinscher. Not that it's all about dogs. Human beings, like Mary Astor and Eugene Pallette, demand occasional attention. Mystery addicts will recognize most of their doings as very usual to persons in their unhappy lot, but the picture is largely acceptable. There is again that sinister figure, the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art. Ming and murder always go together, you know. And slant-eyed butlers, Japs or Chinks, with their degrees from Columbia; in their silken wake, sudden death and violent bloodshed follow inevitably. To the pups go the real honors, though.

I WOULDN'T be so satisfied with "The Kennel Murder Case" were there anything else at the moment of even average interest. The Warner Brothers have turned out another of their Americana items. How the Warner family does love its America! The pioneer problems, the hewing out of the great fortunes in the seventies and eighties, the decadence of the new generation, all these are the elements which go into the making of "The World Changes." For the central figure of

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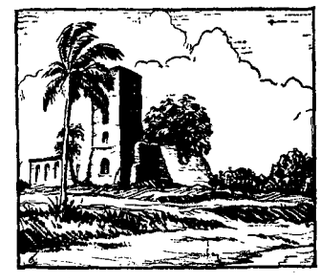

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the piece they have chosen, of all people, Paul Muni. They have blondined Mr. Muni to make him appear Scandinavian. In fact, they have rather blondined American history itself. There are early glimpses of Dakota plains, and later of Chicago stockyards before they became the gardens of hygiene they are now. There are grim portrayals of life in those great big mansions where the rich live in New York and snub people who earn their own living. A bride is even deserted at the altar, but it's St. Thomas' altar, which must have been some consolation to the slighted lady. Aline MacMahon, as pioneer mother and shrewd old grandmother, alone contributes anything of value to the whole film. She is good. Patriotic indeed the family Warner may be, but it isn't at the moment inspired.

THEN there is a concoction very trying, anyhow to me, called "Meet the Baron." Jack Pearl is the notable figure of this performance, and his behavior decided me about that radio. I won't get it for another year anyhow. I'll stay home and put records on my victrola. Mr. Pearl is a great radio personality. He is adored by the air-minded, or whatever they are. This is his first screen appearance and he plays a pants-presser with a Munchausen tendency, and the whole piece runs wild, bolts into musical extravaganza, plays around sentiment, vaults into farce. ZaSu Pitts is funny in it, and so is Edna May Oliver, and so is Jimmy Durante, who is actually overshadowed in the film by this alert Mr. Pearl. —J. C. M.

•

About noon the third day they came to a fork.

"Sudarwi!" Punjah, the Dyak leader, indicated the larger stream. "Awonga!" He pointed to the smaller.

"Awonga!" directed the major.

"Awonga?" repeated Punjah, astonished.

"Awonga," insisted the major firmly. —*From a story in Liberty.*

Awonga into that any farther.

•

Catherine McNelis, president Tower Publications, has been named president American Spectator. . . . Hugh Weir, vice-president Tower, is also vice-president of the Spectator. . . . They will be kept separate from each other. . . . Spectator now takes advertising.—*Advertising-news column in the Evening Post.*

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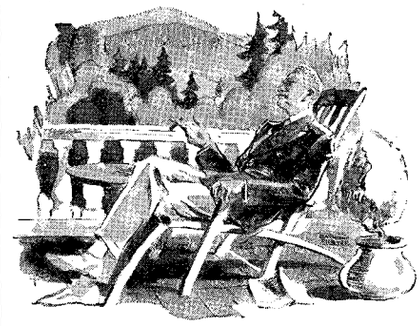

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M. LITVINOFF WRITES HOME

(IN THE MANNER OF AMERICAN TOURISTS IN RUSSIA)

DEAR TOVARISHCH:

WELL, here I am in America! It all seems so unbelievable, as if I had been moved to another planet. Such crowds everywhere, hurrying and scurrying back and forth! Where can they all be going in their foolish little motorcars?

But I must not digress. We landed in New York. It must have been a strangely beautiful city before their revolution, which they call "The New Deal." Now, of course, since the government has been transferred from Wall Street to Washington, which is the old, traditional American capital, New York seems rather dirty and forlorn. But many of the old skyscrapers still stand, casting majestic shadows over the city, reminiscent of the grand days of American imperialism. Very few of the tall buildings are now used, I am told, but the new government is endeavoring to preserve some of the better ones as interesting architectural specimens. The skyscrapers took such a toll from the people, you know, through mortgage bonds and other seductive securities, that the Roosevelt régime is campaigning against this form of superstition. Many of the towers, however, are ineffably handsome, and I can well understand how the more ignorant people were hypnotized by them.

My hotel in New York wasn't really bad at all. I found everything clean and comfortable, and the food was quite good. But I suppose that we Russian tourists are given the best of everything. The Americans, poor dears, are so anxious to make a favorable impression on foreigners.

My guide is a pleasant young man, from the State Department, I believe. The first day he took me to one of the newest projects, a vast workers' settlement on the lower East Side of the city. They have torn down literally hundreds of old tenements and are building splendid new homes for the workers. It was really an inspiring sight to see thousands of *union men* busily at work under the direction of *contractors* (I believe the term is). Housing conditions on the whole, though, except for bureaucrats and members of the *Brain Trust*, are still pretty bad.

Later we went to one of the closed banks, which had been built in the style of a Greek temple. My guide seemed to think that a closed bank was an exhibit to show how the bankers had defrauded the people in the old days. It struck me as a little sad, for I believe that some of the bankers were really quite decent people, according to their lights. Well, *sic transit gloria mundi!*

THE Americans are passionately fond of music and the other arts, and that night we went to an immense cinema—the largest in the world, I was told—where the proletariat enjoys itself. Most of the news films were plainly propaganda, either a picture of Mr. Roosevelt or of one of the NRA's chiefs being flashed on the screen every few minutes, but the dancing and the lighting effects were truly magnificent. A man named Roxy, a survivor of the old régime, is the director.

The next day we did the museums and the art galleries, which are surprisingly well kept up. Later I was taken to tea in the apartment of one of the men high up in the councils of the Democratic Party. It was in what they call a penthouse on the top of a half-deserted skyscraper, and beautifully furnished with gorgeous American antiques. He was most friendly and appeared genuinely interested in learning how things are going in Russia, although I was amused when he asked me if Stalin had been overthrown yet! These Americans seem to think that because they have had a revolution in their country, every other nation is going through the same turmoil. He could hardly believe me when I told him that everything in Moscow was about the way it had been for the last fifteen years.

Few of the people you see on the streets ever smile, and all of them wear a grim look of disillusionment on their faces. However, in the main they are well dressed and appear well fed. I believe some charitable organization, a relic of the old days, known as *Tammany* (started by the Indians, they say), takes care of thousands. Still others have bread cards from the city or charge accounts at the big stores.

By the third day, I became convinced that my guide was showing me only the things which the government wanted me to see. So I asked him to take me to one of the more disreputable parts of the city. He kindly obliged by arranging a motor-bus trip to Chinatown, which we made in the company of some Americans, mostly peasants from the Western steppes. But I strongly suspect that every place we visited was warned well in advance of our coming. It is so hard, you know, to get to the facts in a vast experiment like this.

TUESDAY, we left for Washington. The train was really quite comfortable and clean—practically no smell at all!—and, wonder of wonders, we arrived here exactly on time! There are many Negroes in this part of America, and they are so slow and lethargic that I shall be surprised if the government can do anything with them. After all, one must remember that much of America is more African than it is European, and when you hear your *porter* on the train saying "Jussa minit, boss" (within the hour, tovarishch), you realize what an evolutionary task it will be to inculcate the proletariat at large with habits of efficiency and promptness.

But one must not be too critical. Most Americans are so childish and naïve in the excitement over their "New Deal" that it is impossible to chide them. Washington is a lovely city, so quiet and stately, and filled with the atmosphere of the old America which the government is trying to reëstablish. I am sure I am going to like it better than New York.

Well, tovarishch, I'll write you again after I see Roosevelt.

As ever,

MAXIM

P.S. Of course, I don't know whether you will ever receive this letter. They say the NRA people censor everything.

—LEONARD WARE, JR.

•

The chaotic Democratic situation in Richmond was made more chaotic when County Chairman David S. Rendt, who received a severe blow by the defeat of William S. Hart, his candidate for the nomination for Borough President, was defeated by Charles F. Pallister, who had the support of Borough President John A. Lynch, announced that he would support Mr. Pallister for election.—*The Times.*

Chaos nothing, it's a shambles!

•

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[*Press release from National Association for Better Housing*]

CHICAGO, Ill.—The home building industry will unite in one mighty effort to renew employment among the vast army of carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, electricians, cement workers and other crafts now idle at the Union League Club here on October 31st.

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NEWS FROM THE WINE COUNTRY

CHAMPAGNE

SÉZANNE, MARNE, OCTOBER

FROM 1926 until last spring, straight through the Great Boom and the Great Depression, there used to arrive in Épernay and Rheims every few days deputations of sleek and swarthy gentlemen; they spoke no French whatever, and their English was of a sort that the heads of the great champagne houses, many of whom were educated in England, found difficult to understand. Collectively, these individuals were known in the Champagne country as the "Atlantic trade;" they carried on their business, which amounted to seven or eight million dollars a year, in cash. With such customers, it was not possible to find fault. M. Victor Lanson (the "Fils" of Lanson Père et Fils) once or twice felt inclined, he told me, to establish a checkroom for concealed weapons in his outer office. Yet they were customers.

In the last six months, the "Atlantic trade" has disappeared.

St. Pierre - Miquelon, the famous bootleggers' haven off Newfoundland, has, according to the latest census, a population of just over four thousand souls. In the first six months of 1932, St. Pierre-Miquelon was the third largest purchaser of French sparkling wines, taking a total of about three million bottles, or four bottles a day per inhabitant, including children. Since June, 1933, it has purchased less than Madagascar. This is due not to the depression but to beer, and it looks as if those sanguine souls who said that beer would end big-time bootlegging knew more about it than we thought they did.

PERHAPS the most unexpected result of all this has been, in France, a sudden revival of interest in the war debts. It may be difficult for Americans to believe, yet it is a fact that the possibility of an American boycott has been much discussed in viticultural journals these last few months, and a good many vineyard-owners in Champagne are naïve enough to believe that the decadence of St. Pierre-Miquelon is the direct result of the French default last December. Everyone in Rheims and Épernay is to a certain extent on pins and needles; the café *garçons* in Rheims, and the peasants who cultivate the very lovely vineyard-covered slope that sweeps down to Épernay, talk solemnly of gold shipments, and one or two very influential persons have proposed recently that France make payments "in kind." "Kind" means, in this case, champagne. M. Herriot, if he cared to put the question of paying the war debt once again this fall, could count at least on the support of the deputies from the Marne.

The champagne-producers have fallen on evil days. The gentlemen who at the court of the Czar drank the sweetest champagne that was ever made are driving Paris taxis today and drink beer when they drink anything; there are almost no great cellars left in England, and formal entertaining has dwindled to practically nothing in France. In the long, damp galleries that honeycomb the chalk soil under Épernay and Rheims, there are about 150,000,000 bottles, and meanwhile the shipping departments are working half-time.

Considering this supply, the "Atlantic trade" at its height was only a drop in the bucket. It is a mistake to imagine, however, that America, even in the gayest of prewar days, bought any enormous quantity of champagne. Even as small a nation as Belgium bought almost as much, and many of the great houses sold more to the "Atlantic trade" in 1929 than they sold to the United States in any single year before prohibition. You will find some Europeans who can talk about the Eighteenth Amendment with a straight face, but you will find none in Rheims. The orders placed by the citizens of St. Pierre-Miquelon were amazingly numerous; they were amazing orders. The firm of Lanson five years ago furnished one transatlantic gentleman of Italian origin, for a client of his, four hundred jeroboams of their *brut* 1921; this little shipment was destined for a single wedding.

QUEEN VICTORIA preferred claret, but it was for the most part during the good lady's lifetime that champagne, the wine, became more famous internationally than Champagne, the province. Curiously enough, an invasion played an important part in the beginnings of this fame. When the Allies marched on Paris at the end of the Napoleonic campaigns in 1814, a number of staff officers of the Russian army were billeted in Rheims for some days at the home of one Widow Clicquot, whose late husband had been one of the town's lesser *marchands de vin*. The Russian officers developed a thirst, as Russians will, and helped themselves liberally to the good woman's cellar. On their return to St. Petersburg, they would drink no wine but champagne and no champagne but Veuve Clicquot, and the Widow's fortune was made overnight in the Russian court.

The last war has so far proved very much less profitable. Perhaps the greatest change that it worked in the Champagne country was the disappearance of the celebrated Hermann Mumm; this personage (he was very much of a personage) was, although a native of Frankfurt, one of the most brilliant businessmen in France before the war. He had built up, in a lifetime spent almost entirely outside the country of his origin, one of the largest of the champagne houses, and by 1914 had captured, with his celebrated Cordon Rouge, something like twenty per cent of the American market. The story is that he had intended for the better part of his life to take out French naturalization papers, but had delayed in order not to offend his mother, who continued to live in Frankfurt. At the outbreak of the war, the Mumm property was taken over by the French equivalent of an alien-property custodian; it is owned today by a French syndicate.

There exists a pleasant myth to the effect that the Germans lost the Battle of the Marne because of hangovers acquired the day before in the cellars of Rheims. Unfortunately, this is only a myth. It was the soldiers of France, lodged in the cellars during the four years that Rheims was bombarded, who did the only large-scale drinking. They drank all they wanted, and presumably all they could; they cleaned up five million bottles in four years. For really sound drinking it is necessary, however, to give the palm to two nameless German officers who one September afternoon entered a presshouse, or *vendangeoir*,

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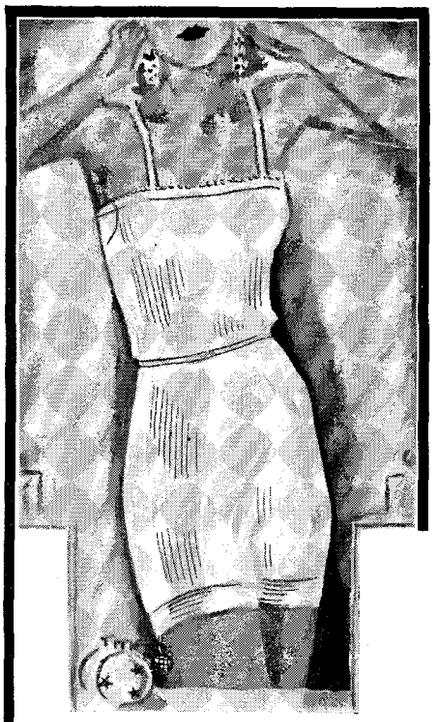
in the village of Verzenay, southeast of Rheims. Between eight that evening and four the following morning, under the astonished and terrified eyes of the woman in charge, these officers dispatched exactly twenty-four bottles of champagne. With two hundred such customers today, there would be no overproduction in Champagne. But Europe in 1933 apparently no longer breeds such heroes.

NO sooner had the possibility of repeal become evident in the United States, no sooner had the "Atlantic trade" deserted Rheims for greener pastures, than every important wine firm in the Champagne country began to receive quantities of letters describing what a newspaper might charitably call "business opportunities." All these letters were couched in approximately the same terms. It appeared that a syndicate of millionaires in Bridgeport, or Wilkes-Barre, or Chattanooga, as the case might be, had decided to undertake the large-scale importation of champagne; these millionaires, imbued with that especial modesty which all millionaires are known to possess, did not at the moment feel free to disclose their names; the undersigned, however, was fully empowered to act for them, and would be pleased to receive by return mail notice of his appointment as exclusive agent for the brand in question in the United States. The supply of American millionaires, so far as Rheims was able to discover, was unlimited.

Despite the fact that these letters were taken no more seriously than they deserved to be, their very number seemed to the champagne-producers to announce the dawn of a Better Day. If four or five million bottles of sparkling wine had entered America annually under prohibition, was it not possible that ten million might enter afterward? And ten million bottles a year would mean today, in the Champagne country, the difference between poverty and riches. The great houses at once began to get out their dusty ledgers of before the war, to check over lists of restaurants, most of which had long since closed, and lists of clients, many of whom had long since died.

The excitement as a whole began last November. Within ten days after Roosevelt's election, the stock of Mumm & Company had gone up something over two hundred per cent on the Paris Bourse. This was alto-



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vests, in blush pink, 34 to 42 . . . . 1.25

pantie, in blush pink, 5, 6, 7 . . . . . 1.50

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"Probably took the boys over at poker last night."

It wasn't winning at poker, it was breakfast. Breakfast that was just a little more tasty, enjoyable, made happy with Hartley's Marmalade.

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By OGDEN NASH
Illustrated by Soglow
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gether to be expected; Mumm has a comparatively small trade in France, but sold more to America before the war than any other firm in Champagne. Moët & Chandon (the largest house of all) was second in those days; Pommery & Greno and Veuve Clicquot were third and fourth.

Except for a lamentable enthusiasm for such poor stuff as sparkling Burgundy, America's taste in sparkling wines throughout this prewar era was astonishingly sound. Little of that preposterous syrup beloved of the Russian court (six parts champagne and one part sugar) ever crossed the Atlantic; the cheap, inferior champagnes were sold in France; the United States, like Great Britain, insisted on and received the driest champagne, and the best.

IT is difficult, if not impossible, to give today any exact evaluation of the relative excellence of the current better champagnes; there is no wine that reveals so completely the essentially personal element in the wine-taster's art. Champagne, to begin with, is a blend, a mixture of the juice of white grapes and the juice of red; every firm has its formula for this blending; every firm puts out one special wine (usually its driest, its dated *brut*) which is in the opinion of that firm's experts the best wine that it is possible to manufacture. Some firms, such as Lanson, market only a single quality; others, as for instance Moët & Chandon, make both an admittedly mediocre champagne (in this case, *carte bleue*) and a surpassingly good one (*brut impérial*). The finest single champagne that I myself have ever tasted was a Lanson *brut* '11 (a wine, alas, that is no longer for sale) served in small tulip-shaped glasses in the Lanson tasting-rooms. It is entirely conceivable that another person might have preferred a *brut* of Mumm or of Pommery & Greno.

Each one of these great houses creates its characteristic champagne with scientific precision. It buys, according to a well-established principle, a wagonload of grapes here, two wagonloads there; the full-bodied wine of a year of sunshine it keeps, and combines with the thin and delicate wine of a year of rain; the red grapes of Verzenay bring to its mixture a certain richness, the tiny white grapes of Le Mesnil contribute a *bouquet*. The result after four years, or five, is something considerably finer than any single vineyard of Champagne could produce. However, the disadvantages of this practice were demonstrated after the bumper vintage of 1929. The great houses, noticing an abrupt decline in sales, bought in 1930 about half as many grapes as usual. In Burgundy, this would have made no especial difference; the small proprietors would have made their wine and kept it; old Burgundy is in most cases a sounder investment than French government bonds. But the grape-growers of Champagne had acquired the dangerous habit of selling their grapes on the vines and most of them knew little or nothing about making wine. When the buyers failed to arrive one September, they were face to face with starvation.

THE good people of Champagne are famous in France for their hospitality; they are by no means famous for their wit. Nevertheless, a few of the more intelligent, when this impasse arrived, invested their savings in equipment and embarked on a precarious career. They began making sparkling wine in their cellars. Their wine, as one tastes it today, lacks the rounded fullness of the brand champagnes; it is made, after all, of grapes from a single vineyard. It has, though, very definitely a personality of its own and a decided charm. Good local champagne has been made since 1928 in the villages of Ay, Verzenay, Hautvillers, Le Mesnil, Cramant, and Avize. It sells, with the franc at six cents, for a dollar; it makes imitation champagnes taste like bad sparkling cider.

The peasants who had neither the knowledge nor the capital to undertake such a business rediscovered by chance a market that had been dead for more than a hundred years. They made wine—the fresh, dry, non-sparkling wine (*champagne nature*) for which the vineyards of Champagne were famous centuries ago. Overnight this wine became the vogue in Paris, and it can now be found on the wine list of every outstanding restaurant.

Compared to this wine, champagne as we know it is almost a recent discovery, for still champagne was the favorite drink of that most French of monarchs, Louis XIV. Whether or not this preference was due to the reception that Louis received in Épernay when still young is not known. On this occasion a deputation met the King, the mayor of Épernay at its head. "Sire," said the mayor, "we offer you our pears, our wines, our gingerbread, our biscuits, and our hearts." —FRANK SCHOONMAKER

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BOOKS

André Maurois' England, Maurice Hindus' Russia, and the Unnameable Country of Kay Boyle

ANDRÉ MAUROIS, apostle of *bon sens* and professional lover of England, has a new book, "The Edwardian Era," published by Appleton-Century and admirably translated by Hamish Miles. It is not a biography of the sovereign who, because he happened to die in 1910, is still by the devout called The Peacemaker. It is a painstaking study of European politics from 1900 to 1910; and therefore it automatically becomes a history of the way the governors of Europe (or, as M. Maurois puts it, the "nations") prepared for war.

Like all the productions of M. Maurois, "The Edwardian Era" is sensible, moderate, well informed, pleasantly written — and superficial. It has many faults, but one it is devoid of: it does not devote its pages to sniggering innuendoes about King Edward's backstairs gallantries, nor does it mention Lily Langtry. For this, much thanks.

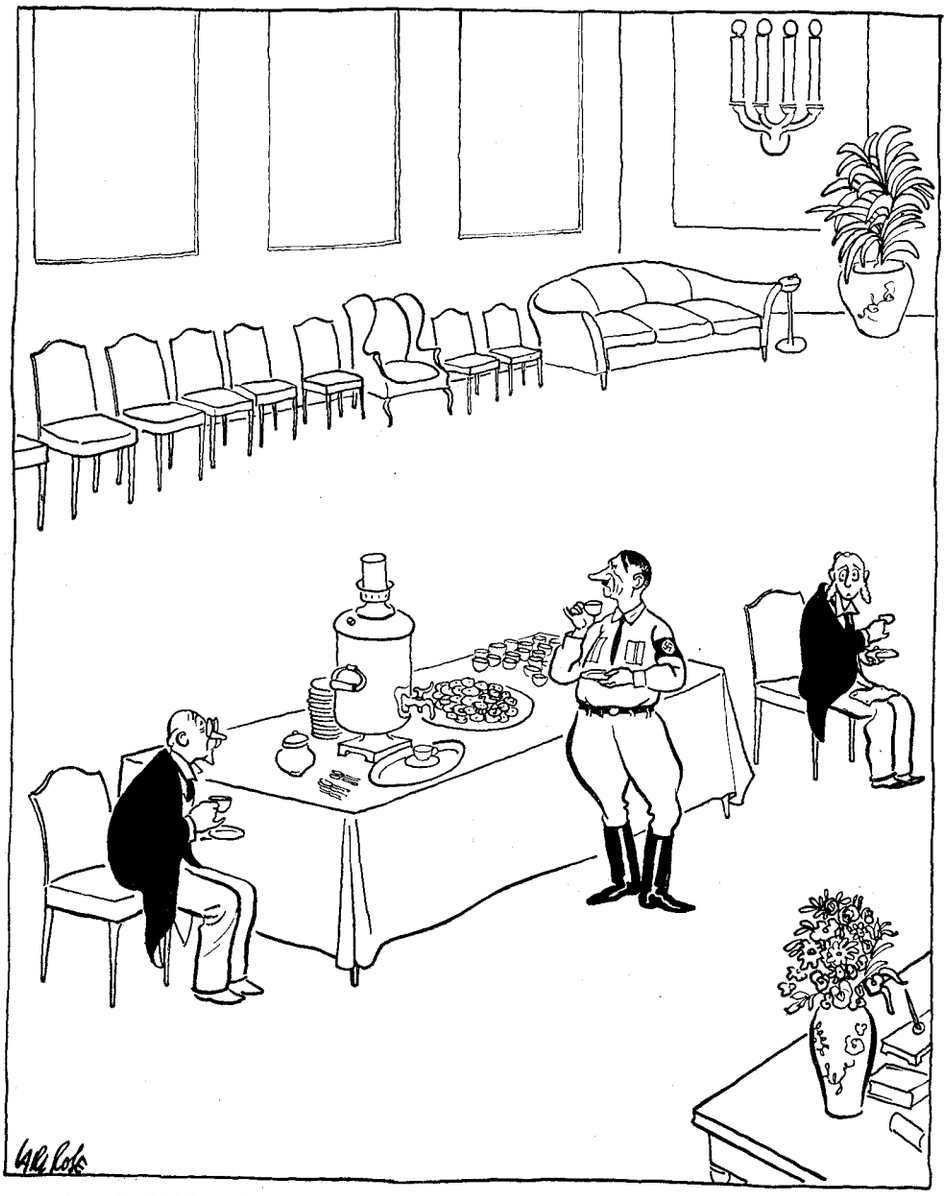
Though written with apparent detachment, the book is really a clever defence of the prewar policy of England's Foreign Ministers and an implicit condemnation of Germany. In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, M. Maurois remains the most distinguished living Anglo-Frenchman. Like most republicans, he dearly loves a king, and he treats King Edward and the Edwardian statesmanship with a sympathy that sometimes becomes a little wearing.

With all its smartness and its surface modernity, "The Edwardian Era" is an old-fashioned book. It apparently conceives of politics and economics as separate matters; it contains nonsensical phrases, talking wildly of "the people's will clearly voiced by the Commons;" the keynote of the whole Edwardian era (which is, of course, Imperialism) is struck but softly; the impression is given throughout that modern European history was made by kings and diplomats, in short by personalities; and there is much smooth patter about "Germany," "France," "England," as if these were organic entities, following clear policies and unrent by internal dissensions.

The best parts of the book are the really brilliant character sketches of Edward himself, Salisbury, the Kaiser, Arthur Balfour, Chamberlain, Rosebery. The last-named is characterized truly and unforgettably: "One of those brilliant favorites of fortune to whom the fairies have denied only one gift—obstacles."

I found it interesting, as I went through the book, to gaze long and not at all fondly at the faces of some of the leading actors: the King himself, a German janitor with a Smith Brothers beard and a beer-belly; Joe Chamberlain, a realistic English Babbitt, his countenance lit with the swinish shrewdness of a public-relations counselor; Salisbury, a nasty-tempered, arrogant, intelligent brute; Balfour, gentler, more sensitive, his eyes looking back affectionately on his ancestors; Grey, a face of hard granite, cut by knifelike, sadistic lips and shadowed by malevolent, cavernous eyes; Lloyd George, the *arriviste*, the demagogue without convictions, the Jacobin who would be king.

MAURICE HINDUS is our man from Mars. Every three or four years, this kindly, sharp-eyed, deep-



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EPISODE 1

"Foiled!" hissed the villain as he deftly extracted a wallet of American Express Travelers Cheques from a woman's handbag he had just stolen. His day was ruined. It was cash he was after—not

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dimpled traveler sets out for the U.S.S.R. and returns with strange news from another planet. His latest Russian balance sheet, "The Great Offensive" (Smith & Haas), carries the story right into the second Five-Year Plan. Now that it looks as if we were going to face the moujik after all, this new book of Hindus gains added timeliness.

Hindus conceives the Great Offensive as launched on two fronts. The battle in Russia is being carried on simultaneously for a new social order and for a new human personality. Hindus is careful to stress Soviet failure wherever it occurs—particularly in the domain of farm collectivization and in the attempt to raise the standards of living—but on the whole this is the most glowing report of its kind since stockholders used to be fooled way back in 1928. Hindus' general conclusion is that "nothing in all human history is comparable" to the Soviet offensive. His optimism with reference to Russian Communism, however, does not lead him to be too sanguine about the possibility of the world revolution, which he believes has definitely collapsed.

Books like "The Great Offensive" are for us bewildered Westerners what the novels of Cooper must have been to Frenchmen of the early nineteenth century — a colorful passport to a pristine world where apparently man and nature live in harmony and Utopia is just around the corner. And yet Hindus neither looks nor writes like a romanticist. He seems a sensible fellow with no undue passion for the proletariat, and the Book-of-the-Month Club, now distributing this volume, has not recently gone in for travelers' tales.

ONLY Kay Boyle could make something out of the following ingredients: Ayton, a sly homosexual sailor, a regular weathercock of a man; Munday, whom he seduces, a tall, romantic, piano-playing ex-priest; a French squatter, who peels the rims away from the eyes of living rabbits; Léonie, his wife, in love with Ayton; an old man with a silk hat, who runs for Mayor on the Communist ticket; three Alsatian brothel-girls, apparently at home to all comers; and, for background, a cold, rainy hill overlooking Le Havre.

Kay Boyle's style is more perverse than her subject matter, if possible. It holds extraordinary beauties, as marked in this eccentric fable as in her pre-

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vious, more conventional books. "Gentlemen, I Address You Privately" (Smith & Haas) is a completely amoral novel (personally, I think it's a farce, though the publishers feel it's a tragedy) which will irritate or enchant you, according to your particular set of prejudices. That it is the work of a remarkable artist no one can deny.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

ALSO OUT THIS WEEK

FICTION

THE SCARLET FLOWER, by Thomas Rourke (*Farrar & Rinehart*). An American engineer who doesn't want to take sides gets mixed up in love and revolution down in one of those South American republics. Cleanly written but not quite up to the author's previous novel, "Thunder Below."

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING, by Ursula Parrott (*Longmans, Green*). Four generations of Irish Bostonians play their parts in Ursula Parrott's most ambitious novel to date. A kind of condensed Forsyte Saga translated into very simplified American terms.

LOVE AMONG THE HAYSTACKS AND OTHER PIECES, by D. H. Lawrence, with a reminiscence by David Garnett (*Viking Press*). Two autobiographical pieces, a philosophical sketch, a novelette, and a short story, all written in July and August, 1912. Not first-rate Lawrence, but just about twenty times as good as any English fiction published this year.

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1933, selected and edited by Harry Hansen (*Doubleday, Doran*). This volume seems to be considerably liver than previous collections, largely owing to the inclusion of several young experimental writers. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings carries off the first prize.

GENERAL

THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME, by Antonio de Fierro Blanco, translated from the Spanish by Walter de Steiguier and illustrated by Alfredo Ramos Martinez (*Houghton Mifflin*). This is either a historical novel or a novelized history. It is a story of feudal California in the year 1810, told in the first person by one Juan Colorado, an adventurer who lived to be 104 and who at the tender age of twelve made an exciting journey from the southern tip of Lower California to San Francisco. The book has a primitive charm and is written with much swagger and wit. It is certainly an authentic contribution to Americana and in itself an unusual narrative of travel under difficulties.

TIMBER LINE: A STORY OF BONFILS AND TAMMEN, by Gene Fowler (*Covici-Friede*). The entertaining author of "The Great Mouthpiece" tells the story of the two journalistic buccaneers who until very recent years owned the Denver *Post* and made the Wild West even wilder. Fowler is not a biographer, but he is one of the greatest recounters of anecdotes now in print. He tells a rowdy, rambunctious tale with a frenzied disregard for the proprieties, and thumbs his nose engagingly at the King's English. Very jolly reading.

HONEST JOHN ADAMS, by Gilbert Chinard (*Little, Brown*). Full-length biography of a man considered by the author to be the most realistic statesman of his generation in America.

CHARACTERS AND COMMENTARIES, by Lytton Strachey (*Harcourt, Brace*). Thirty-eight essays, mainly literary, written over a period of thirty years. Though many of them are fugitive or topical pieces, the volume as a whole bears the indelible stamp of the master.

HISTORY OF EUROPE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, by Benedetto Croce, translated from the Italian by Henry Furst (*Harcourt, Brace*). From Waterloo to the World War, as interpreted by that slightly outmoded

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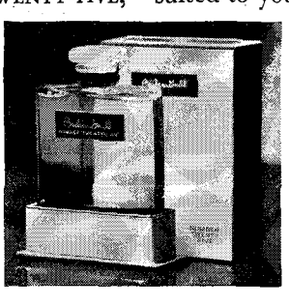

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personage, the good European. Solid and interesting.

THE FOREST OF ADVENTURE, by Raymond Ditmars (*Macmillan*). Adventure in the American tropics in search of a mawoorimah and other unprepossessing and exciting animals. The style is very slightly but candidly novelized.

PILGRIM OF THE APOCALYPSE, by Horace Gregory (*Viking Press*). A very interesting short critical study of D. H. Lawrence by a noted poet. Entirely devoid of peephole personalities and teacup wrangling. Especially valuable for its discussion of Lawrence's poetry.

MYSTERIES

RED RHAPSODY, by Cortland Fitzsimmons (*Stokes*). A houseparty of sixteen people dwindles considerably by the end of an evening or two, leaving everybody, including the reader, considerably relieved.

THE DEVIL'S DEN, by Lawrence Saunders (*Covici-Friede*). Murder in one of the most conscientiously disreputable groups that ever inhabited a Connecticut artists' colony. The murder, if you can keep your mind on it, is pretty well worked out.

READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

WINNER TAKE NOTHING, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Short stories by a master—though not as good as "Men Without Women."

AFTER SUCH PLEASURES, by Dorothy Parker (*Viking*). Eleven exercises in malice, four of which have appeared in these pages.

WORTH REMEMBERING, by Rhys James (*Longmans, Green*). A very amusing recreation of the life of a priceless collection of Southern youngsters.

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND, by Ben Lucien Burman (*Farrar & Rinehart*). A tale of the lower Mississippi, depending pretty much for its effect on local color.

RADETZKY MARCH, by Joseph Roth (*Viking Press*). Translated by Geoffrey Dunlop. A beautifully written, nostalgic tale of the decay of the old Austrian prewar aristocracy. If you like twilight, you will like this novel.

GAY LIFE, by E. M. Delafield (*Harper*). The author of "The Diary of a Provincial Lady" distils her characteristic acid out of a group of English vacationists at a Riviera hotel.

THE WOODS COLT, by Thames Williamson (*Harcourt, Brace*). A short, tense tragedy of Ozark mountaineers. Written entirely in dialect and extremely well done.

PETER ABELARD, by Helen Waddell (*Holt*). A very reverent and exquisitely written novelization of one of the most famous affairs of the Middle Ages. Better than George Moore, many will think.

GENERAL

CROWDED HOURS, by Alice Roosevelt Longworth (*Scribner*). Society and diplomatic reminiscences by a member of one of America's reigning families.

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S REVIEW OF EUROPE TODAY, by G. D. H. Cole and Margaret Cole (*Knopf*). 624 pages of perfectly organized, indispensable information. Sober but decidedly worth buying and reading.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES 1933, edited by Edward J. O'Brien (*Houghton Mifflin*). A readable collection. The younger Englishmen are well represented. All seem to write pleasantly, without excessive conviction, and alike.

THE AMERICAN PROCESSION, assembled by Agnes Rogers, with running comment by Frederick Lewis Allen (*Harper*). Photographic reminders of what American life (only parts of it, however) was like from 1860 to 1917.

BEHIND THE DOCTOR, by Dr. Logan Clendening (*Knopf*). The story of medicine, brought down rather forcibly to our level. Well illustrated. If the Doctor would not try quite so hard to interest us, he would be even more interesting.

FLUSH: A BIOGRAPHY, by Virginia Woolf (*Harcourt, Brace*). A partially fantastic reconstruction of the life of the cocker spaniel of Wimpole Street, beautifully written, of course.

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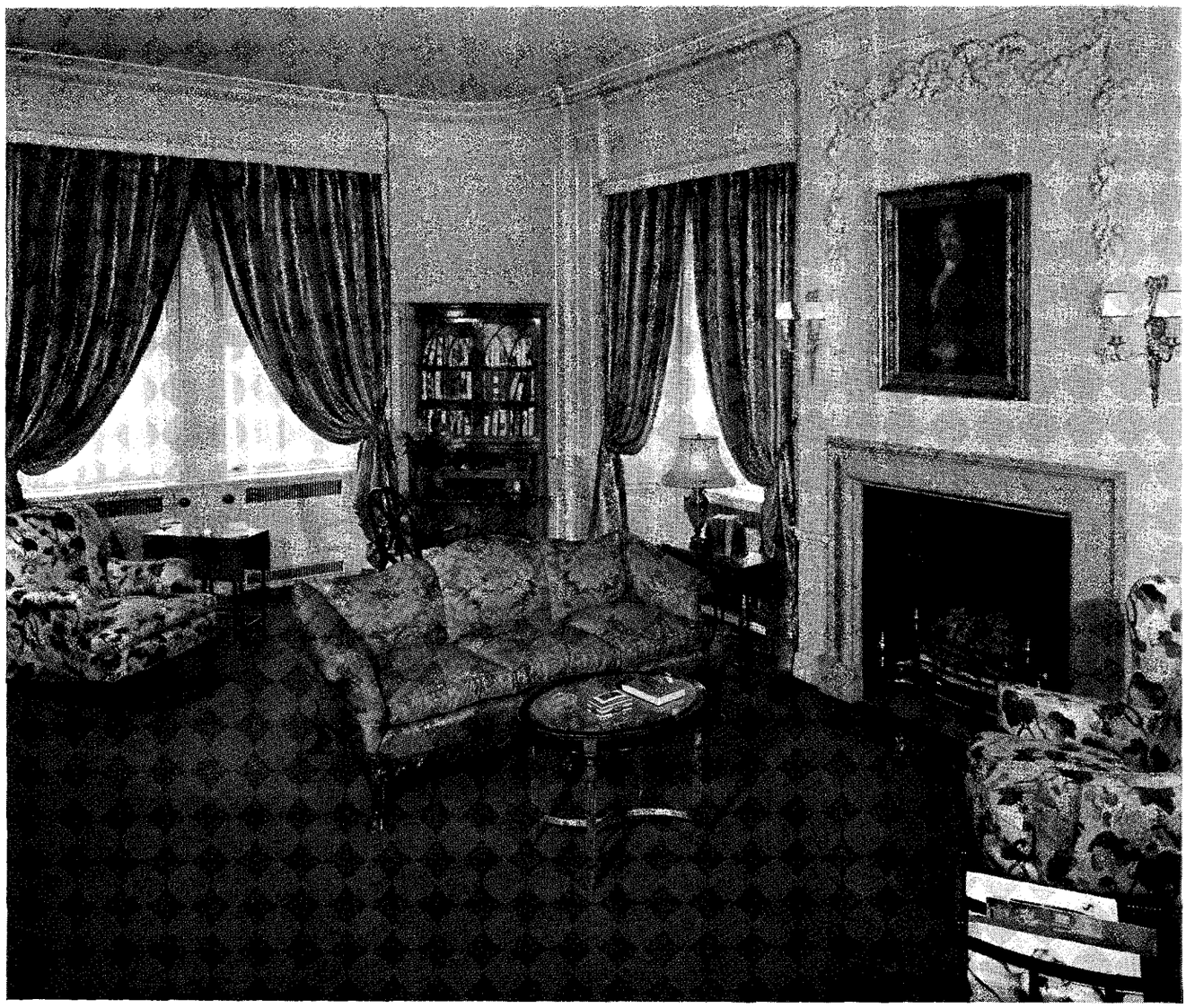

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